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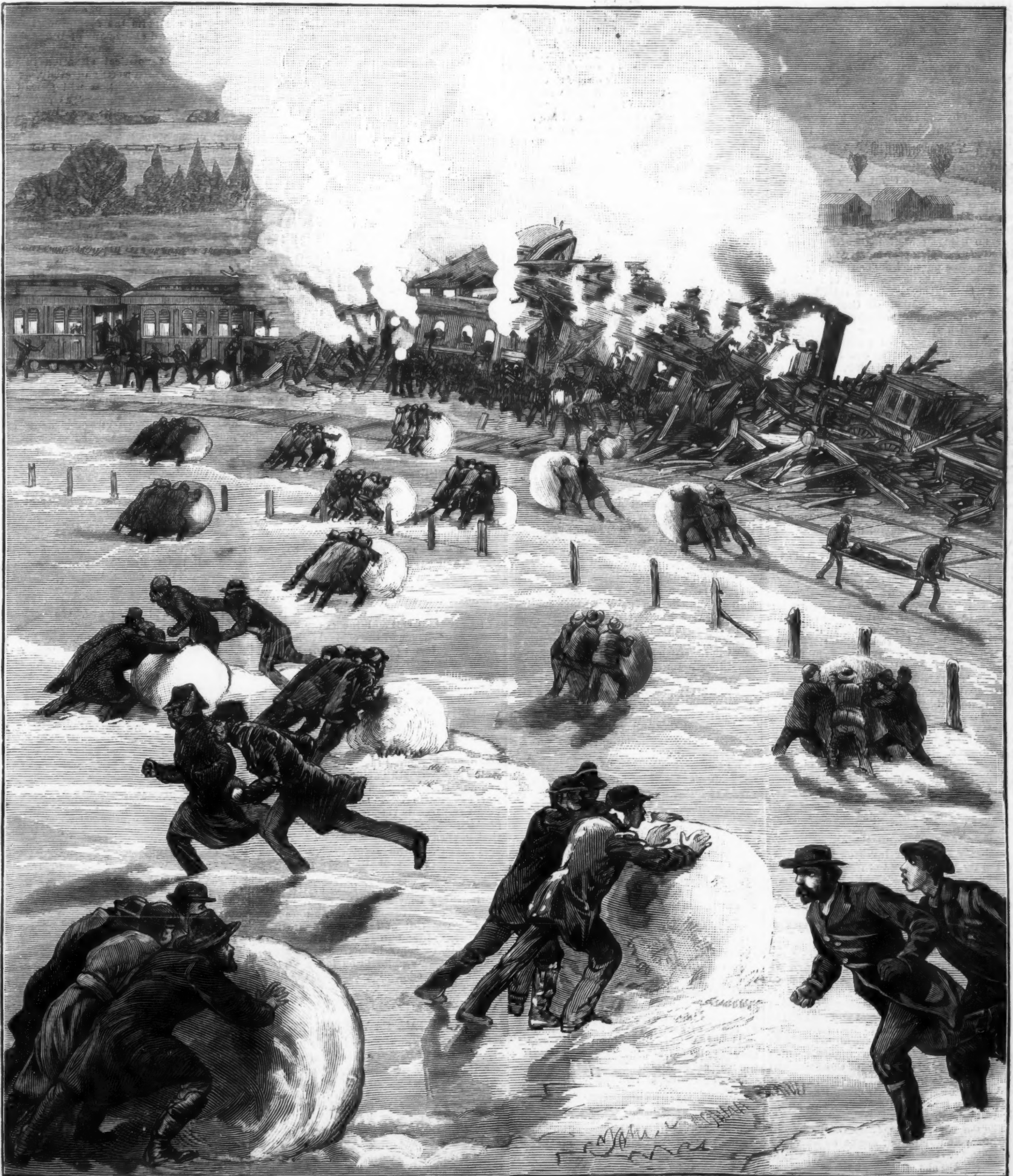
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK.—THE FATAL COLLISION ON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD, NEAR SPUYTEN DUYVIL, JANUARY 13TH.
EXTINGUISHING THE FLAMES WITH SNOWBALLS.—SEE PAGE 382.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, JANUARY 21, 1882.

METHODS OF TARIFF REVISION.

ONE of our "Independent" contemporaries in this city has expressed the opinion that the true business of Congress at its present session "will turn upon the tariff and the appropriations." From this opinion we do not much dissent, but we do dissent from the conclusion reached by it when it expresses the further opinion that those who propose to remand the whole subject of tariff revision to the consideration of a special commission are merely playing into the hands of the Protectionists, with whom this proposition is represented to be "merely a tactical manoeuvre by which to accomplish the indefinite postponement of the whole question."

Those who argue in this wise seem to have forgotten that this proposition originally came, during the last session of Congress, from a Democratic member of the Senate whom nobody can accuse of anything like complicity with the dogmas of Protection; and if the suggestion has been adopted by Protectionists with a view to smother or stave off the investigation, that is a covert design which can be easily defeated by the composition of the commission and by the instructions under which it shall be created, fixing a definite time for its report.

It is further argued against a commission, that since the Constitution vests in Congress the exclusive right and duty to legislate on the schedules of the tariff, it is not competent for Congress to delegate any part of its right or duty in the premises; but this objection is entirely sophistical, for no delegation of legislative power is implied by such a preliminary investigation as would be pursued under the direction of tariff experts acting as a jury of inquest.

It is no reflection on the intelligence of the average member of Congress to say that there are many and obvious considerations which argue in favor of supplementing his knowledge of political economy with the knowledge that could be supplied by a competent commission, selected for the practical skill and experience of its members in matters pertaining to the existing schedules of the tariff. As those schedules, in spite of reductions which have been already made, were largely fixed with a view to the exigencies thrust upon the Government by the expenses of the late war, and as the reason for their creation has, in large measure, ceased to exist, it is obvious that a radical revision of the tariff should be now undertaken on the basis of a peace footing. But such a radical revision is not a simple problem, involving a mere arithmetical reduction in the rate of taxation, or a transfer of commodities from the tax list to the free list. Whatever may be the theoretical differences between the Protectionists and the pure and simple Revenue Tariff Reformers, it will be as frankly admitted by the latter as it will be earnestly affirmed by the former that industries called into being by the "fostering care" of the existing tariff have some right to an equitable consideration at the hands of Congress irrespective of the truth or falsity, the economical advantages or the economical disadvantages, of the protective policy. But such a readjustment of schedules, if made with a view to the promotion of public interests without unduly infringing on private or corporate rights, presents an exceedingly complex problem which calls for a many-sided knowledge in the domain of economical theory as well as of industrial practices. If the member of Congress is left to be guided in the premises by what Horace Greeley used to call the "shrieks of locality," we shall have each member resisting or favoring a reduction of the tariff according to the assumed needs of some protected interest peculiar to his district, or an absolute disregard of all moral claims resulting from the practical working of the protective theory.

Now, it is precisely this reconciliation of private and public justice which makes any and every modification of the tariff an exceedingly delicate question; and when we remember that this modification must be made in the presence of two entirely divergent theories of public economy—that of the theoretical Protectionist and that of the theoretical Revenue Tariff Reformer—who does not see the immense difficulty and complexity of the whole inquiry? The most enlightened members of Congress will be the swiftest to seek all the possible light which can be shed on this complicated subject by the labors and researches of an intelligent commission.

Such a commission, from the nature of its office and function, might be expected to approach the consideration of the subject from a point of view above that of the practical politician, and above that of the interested beneficiary of some "protected" industry, who is profiting by the abuses of

the tariff at the expense of the public weal. It is idle to expect that any revision of the tariff can be effected in full and precise conformity with either of the two antagonistic theories which divide political economists in the matter of revenue taxation, for on this subject the public opinion of the people is in a mixed and changing, not in a clearly defined and stationary, state. But it is this want of definition in the political ideas of the day on the subject of tariff revision which makes the labor of a commission at once the most necessary and the most likely to prove judicious—the most necessary, because, without them, the mind of the legislator will be left a prey to vacillation and uncertainty; and the most likely to prove judicious, because, with them, the mind of the legislator can be at least guided to the most expedient practical steps in the proximate future, even if it cannot be guided to those wise steps which, we may hope, will one day be taken for all time in the clear light of some true and demonstrated theory of public economy.

CAUSES OF SUICIDE.

WE are all, of course, familiar with the many ordinary causes that tend to suicide, but far more than "the ill that flesh is heir to," disappointment in love, religious melancholy, or any other single influence, is that calamity owing to the one thing, money—the loss of it, the want of it—money, the parent of all the inequalities of fortune we see around us, and the lever that moves the world. Far more numerous, too, are suicides from this cause than is generally supposed, for the knowledge of motives often dies with the victims, and the superficial investigations of coroners' juries generally throw little light on these. Even the number of suicides in any given city is not fully shown by the local statistics, because family pride often interferes to prevent the real cause of death from becoming known, and an old Philadelphia undertaker, of well-established respectability, not long since volunteered this statement: "A great many commit suicide that nobody knows anything about but the doctor and the undertaker. Many a one I've buried, and no one knows but me to this day how they died. I always used to carry a crooked needle to sew up gashes in throats."

The statistics of all countries, so far as they can be obtained, show that suicide has been steadily on the increase during the last quarter of a century, and nowhere has the increase in the proportion of suicides to population been so great as in the United States—a melancholy fact which is mainly traceable to the great activity of our business life, into which speculative risks enter so largely, and the vicissitudes of fortune which with us attend a busy career to an extent quite unusual anywhere else in the world. The inference naturally follows that nowhere in this country is the percentage of suicides so high as in the City of New York—the financial and commercial heart of all this throbbing life—and the inference is fully sustained by its vital statistics, while during the year which has just closed it was greater than ever before. We have no space to enter into an analysis of these, but the story they tell is that the great majority of the social tragedies they record were the result of destitution, reverses of fortune, business embarrassments, or some other phase of poverty, or to crime directly prompted by it, and that if money had not been a factor in civilized society these acts of self-destruction would not have occurred. The favorites of fortune rarely commit suicide except under aberration of mind, but the unfortunate too often, borne down by blighted hopes, fall an easy prey to the Destroyer.

Thus whatever tends to diffuse general prosperity and promote the general well-being, and diminish the vast inequalities of fortune among God's creatures, will tend also to prevent the unnatural act of suicide. But to hope for a narrowing of the gulf that practically separates the rich from the poor—Dives from Lazarus—savours almost of a dream of Utopia, even in this country, with all its political freedom and equality.

There is here a higher tableland of prosperity among the people generally than in any other in the world, and our system of government and the spirit of equality pervading our free institutions exert a powerful leveling influence through political channels. Yet the inequalities of fortune even here in our social life are as striking as the contrasts between lofty mountains and deep valleys in natural scenery, and they are rapidly becoming more so as wealth concentrates itself and reaches colossal proportions in a few hands.

THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

IT looks as if the time had come to correct the errors which the Federal Government has been making for a generation now in the concession of enormous grants of public land to railroads. A Nevada member of Congress has introduced a Bill

to restore to the public domain the lands which have been assigned to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company since the original grant lapsed, because of the failure to complete the road within the specified time; while Mr. Robeson, of New Jersey, has proposed a joint resolution to declare forfeited some 130,000,000 acres of public lands heretofore granted to twenty-three different railroad companies (including the Northern Pacific), and to restore the same to the Government. There would seem to be no doubt of the justice of such restoration so far as the Northern Pacific is concerned, and how a Secretary of the Interior was ever induced to continue to issue patents to that company for several years after that company had defaulted in its bargain and forfeited all claim to the land, is a problem which can be best solved by the present editor of the *Evening Post*. It is declared that not less than thirty million acres of wonderfully fertile land has been given to the Northern Pacific Company without any equivalent whatever, not only years after the grant lapsed by law (in 1877), but far beyond the terminus of the road. The law declared that, in order to obtain the land, the company "shall construct, equip, furnish and complete the whole road by the 4th day of July, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and seventy-seven." But Secretary Schurz decided, under the alleged direction of Attorney-General Devens, that this meant July 4th, 1879, and he issued patents accordingly for twenty million acres more of the best wheat land in the world. The effect of this on settlement is to warn off all persons from the land for fifty miles on each side of the line—the railroad sections (all the old-numbered sections) being reserved for the railroad company, and the alternate sections being offered for sale by the Government at \$2.50 an acre, instead of the usual price of \$1.25. Many actual settlers have thus been defrauded out of land they had a right to pre-empt, and many others have been compelled to pay a double price for their farms.

The Northern Pacific people declare that they will open their line through the entire distance within a year from this time. It cannot have cost more than \$20,000 a mile, even including the deep cuts through the Idaho Rockies, and this, for the 2,200 miles, would make \$44,000,000 in all. But it is declared that the land which the road has already acquired and is yet to earn would sell for \$70,000,000, leaving a clear profit of \$26,000,000 to the company, besides the whole of the road itself. This is certainly an enormous premium to pay for enterprise.

In behalf of the claims of the road, it may truthfully be said that the contemplated profit is no greater than that enjoyed by the Crédit Mobilier and syndicate of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads, and that the early completion of the road which is, no doubt, assured under the Villard management, will add many times that amount to the wealth of the country.

But, on the other hand, the taking of the thirty million acres seems to have been in direct and express violation of law; the road will be good property even without this enormous additional grab, and the public area of rich land is now too small to give away, without an equivalent, a patch of its very best soil as large as the State of New York. Much of the central belt of the Territories is not fertile without irrigation; much of the Rocky Mountain region is sterile; the vast stretches of Texas are not owned or controlled by the Federal Government at all, that sagacious State, on entering the Union, having retained its entire domain for its own disposal. So the amount of first-rate land available for the pre-emption of actual settlers is really very small, and becoming rapidly less. The land which the Northern Pacific has sequestered belongs to the golden wheat belt of the world—prairie land naturally irrigated, warm and readily responsive to the labors of the husbandman. It is towards this line that the heaviest emigration tends, Minnesota having shown from 1870 to 1880 a larger percentage of increase than any other Northern State.

The great continental lines of road are an immense benefit to the country; but there is such a thing as paying too much for the whistle; and these corporations which always tend to levy extortions upon the people, to control Congresses and corrupt Legislatures, should be taken sternly in hand and compelled to obey the laws which they impudently venture to defy.

VIRGINIA'S REVOLUTION.

THE triumph of the Readjuster-Republican coalition in the recent election in Virginia may clearly be regarded as the entering wedge that has split the "Solid South." Already some very notable results have ensued, to be followed by still greater, not only in that State, but in the South at large. A plentiful crop of would-be imitators of the successful Readjuster Senator Mahone is rapidly maturing, and independent movements similar to the one led by him are certain to occur at no distant day in Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia and Texas, now ripe for a change

that shall place their politics in accord with their enlarged business relations.

This marked tendency to disintegration in the Democratic solidity of the South results from a variety of causes. The oft-repeated failures of the National Democracy to carry the Presidential election, and the natural wish on the part of a new generation of Southerners to participate in the control of national affairs, have had an immediate influence in instigating the present independent political movements in the South. The earnest desire for capital, immigration and closer contact with the world has been even more powerful in bringing about the great change now in progress.

The "Solid South" was due, not only to a bitter feeling engendered by "carpet-bag rule," but to a sincere and inbred attachment to the old State Rights system and the hope that it would finally succeed through a combination of voters in the North and South. Election after election, however, passed, and the hope proved only to be a solid delusion, sufficiently discouraging to the old Bourbon majority, and absolutely irritating to the younger and more impatient minority of the party. And at last it is this impatient minority that has practically accepted at the polls the revolution offered them by shrewd politicians of the Mahone stamp.

The present political situation in Virginia is peculiarly worthy of study, as indicating the changes that will prevail in the South, for the saying "as goes Virginia, so goes the South," has always been verified in practice. Having made a clean sweep at the polls, the Readjusters and Republicans are in perfect accord in enjoying the spoils of victory, and are working smoothly and expeditiously as one man under the skillful handling of General Mahone. The State and Federal patronage has been divided strictly among the faithful. The measures proposed in caucus are carried through on business principles without any of the traditional speechifying, all the long-winded orations being handed over to the keeping of the "Bourbons" in and out of the legislative halls. The new Governor, William E. Cameron, is fortunately possessed of a personal popularity among all parties and classes, auguring well for an efficient discharge of the duties of his office. His inaugural message took strong ground in favor of reform and the renewal of an American spirit within the borders of the Old Dominion, "as broad as the continent." The view expressed in the document as to the much mooted debt question is that West Virginia should assume its fair quota incurred prior to its erection into a State, and that, far from repudiating, Virginia should pay every cent of the remainder.

As a matter of course, the Democrats in Virginia, long accustomed to defeat at the polls, have abandoned neither their cherished views nor the hope of their ultimate triumph. Yet there is a certain amount of shakiness visible in their ranks, and, indeed, all the indications plainly confirm the Readjusters' claim that they will receive heavy reinforcements from those ranks, and, consequently, greatly increase in prestige and substance, ere another election rolls around. Thus the growth of two great parties throughout the South, acting as a check on each other, may henceforth be considered as assured. The fact that the negro vote is at present cast solidly is not even disputed; its solidity has been the chief means by which the break-up under discussion has been effected, and it is more than likely that the same means will continue to exist until the newly-arisen party, now numerically insignificant, shall be enabled to stand by its own strength.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

THE result of the Senatorial elections in France affords another proof of the hold of the Republic upon the popular approval. Of seventy-nine seats contested, only thirteen were carried by the Monarchists, the remainder being won by the Republicans. Among the successful candidates were Victor Hugo, Leyrat, Polin and De Freycinet, present Senators, and Major Labordère, candidate of the irreconcilables. De Freycinet was elected from four departments, a proof of his popularity which Gambetta can scarcely fail to regard as somewhat ominous. The popularity of Gambetta with the Parisian populace is by no means as great as it once was, and the suppression of a recent manifestation in commemoration of the death of M. Blanqui and the imprisonment of Louis Michel and others will not strengthen his position with the masses. There is also a good deal of irritation among the advanced Republicans on account of certain appointments in the Foreign Office, one of the appointees being a journalist who was at one time in the employ of the Empire. The Government will persist in its proposal for the re-establishment of the *scrutin de liste* system, including it in the Bill for the revision of the Constitution, and it is said that if it shall be rejected by the Deputies, Gambetta will tender his resignation. This is, of course, an empty menace, since the proposed measure, however stubbornly opposed, is almost certain to be passed; but it may be doubtful whether this domineering policy is, under the circumstances, altogether wise. There are those who

will be sure to interpret it as indicative of a tendency to a dictatorship, and Gambetta is not yet so securely entrenched that he can afford to expose himself to such a suspicion.

In Germany the Emperor William has caused a profound sensation by an Imperial rescript in which he asserts his prerogatives as absolute sovereign in the most positive terms. The Prussian Constitution, he says, "is the expression of the monarchical tradition of this country, whose development rests on the living relations of its King to the people. These relations cannot be transferred to Ministers, because they appertain to the person of the King, and their maintenance is necessary for Prussia. It is, therefore, my will that in Prussia, and also in the legislative bodies of the Empire, no doubt will be allowed to attach to my constitutional right, or that of my successors, to personally direct the policy of the Government." Further on, the Emperor declares that, while he does not wish to restrict the freedom of elections, he shall expect all officials, obedient to their oath of allegiance to him, "to support the policy of the Government, even at the elections." This rescript is said to be only the initial step towards "protecting the Government from becoming the mere instrument of Parliamentary majorities," and it is thought a conflict with the Liberals, upon the issue thus made up, will now be inevitable. The Liberals show no signs of giving way, and, in the debates in the Reichstag last week, antagonized the Government measures even more sharply and aggressively than formerly. The more influential Berlin journals deprecate the rescript as untimely, while in Vienna it is generally condemned by the press. The situation derives additional interest from the announcement that the Emperor has decided to proclaim the Crown Prince Frederick William Regent on the 2d of March next, on the occasion of the Emperor William's eighty-fifth birthday. In the Reichstag, Herr Windthorst's motion abrogating the law forbidding the exercise of ecclesiastical functions without Government authorization has been read a second time by a vote of 233 to 115. Taken as a whole, the political situation in Germany certainly embodies possibilities of conflict which may severely test the strength and permanence of the monarchical principle.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

WE have commented elsewhere on the events of the week in Germany and France. In Ireland, there has been some further acts of violence, but the arrest, in the County Cork, of an entire band of notorious desperadoes, the leader of whom has made revelations implicating a number of offenders, seems to have awed the turbulent class; and, should summary measures be adopted for the punishment of the more notable of the marauders, outrages will probably become less common. The Cabinet has decided unanimously to adopt additional precautions in order to bring to justice those persons engaged in supplying arms to the people. The "national movement" is undoubtedly growing weaker; the leaders are quarreling among themselves; even the Ladies' League is torn by feuds; and it may be said with truth that Irish dissension is doing quite as much as coercion to secure the final triumph of the Government. It is understood that one of the first steps of the Government, upon the meeting of Parliament next month, will be the introduction of the *clature*, the effect of which will be to suppress summarily the more violent of the Parnellite agitators, and enable the majority to carry out their measures without unreasonable delay. The question of church disestablishment may engage attention at the coming session. A Bill for the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland being already matured, which, it is said, will have the support of forty Scotch members, and a large contingent of English radicals.

The visit of the King and Queen of Spain to Portugal last week was the occasion of extraordinary festivities. The royal visitors were welcomed with all the honors by the King and Queen of Portugal and their loyal subjects. At Lisbon they were received by King Luis and the members of the royal family, attended by a brilliant court, and escorted in grand procession to the palace, the streets being lined with spectators from curbstone to house-top, who were most enthusiastic in their demonstrations. Subsequently the visitors were entertained at a banquet of 120 covers, the table being adorned with a splendid display of plate and artistic centre pieces, with flowers. Eighty royal servants in fine liveries waited on the guests, while several bands played in a neighboring gallery. King Luis, in an appropriate toast, welcomed his royal visitors, expressing the hope of a sincere friendship between the two nations. King Alfonso replied, making pointed allusion to his hope that the two peninsular countries would make closer their material interests, because their exterior policy was similar. Later there was a ball in the Throne Room of the palace, which was attended by the *élite* of Lisbon society and of the diplomatic corps.

The complications in Egypt have been deepened by a controversy between the Chambers and the European Comptroller-General over financial measures. Another demonstration on the part of the army is feared. The collective note sent to the Khédive by England and France declares the purpose of these Governments to maintain his authority as affording the only possible guarantee for the maintenance of order and the development and prosperity of the country. The Khédive has expressed his thanks to the co-operating Powers, but declares that there is no ground for uneasiness, and the Porte has sent them a protest, the Sultan being jealous of his prerogatives as suzerain.

The Czar has made an unwonted display of

clemency in the liberation of the three officers who were recently sentenced to exile for neglect in having failed to discover one of the mines prepared by the Nihilists. An Imperial ukase announces that after the end of 1882 the Crown will transfer to the peasants that portion of the lands allotted to them at the time of their emancipation, and, in consideration of the annual payments which they have been unable to redeem or compromise, the Crown will pay to the land owners eighty per cent. of the taxable value of the land so transferred.

Official information as to the *Jeannette* survivors received at St. Petersburg states that Lieutenant Danenhauer, with five sailors, reached Yakutsk in Siberia on the 17th December. Engineer Melville and the others of that boat's company were not far behind Danenhauer on the road, and all these were well cared for, and would be supplied with all needed assistance for their future journey. Danenhauer left Bolongeng, near the mouth of the Lena, a thousand miles from Yakutsk, on November 14th. At that date, no further intelligence had been received at Bolongeng of De Long and his comrades, who were left at some remote point near one of the mouths of the Lena, and some apprehensions are felt as to their safety.

THERE were shipped from this port to Europe, last year, 72,276,312 bushels of grain. Of this vast total, not a single bushel was carried in an American ship. In 1880 we carried 1,328,436 bushels out of a total of 113,343,163 bushels, and there were seven nationalities—Danish, Dutch, French, Portuguese, Russians, Spanish and Swedish—that carried less than we did. A more striking illustration of the decay of our merchant marine could not be given than is afforded in these simple figures.

THE inaugural address of General Robert Lowry, the new Governor of Mississippi, breathes a commendably liberal and progressive spirit. It specially commends the subjects of education, manufactures, immigration and internal improvements, and declares that the cardinal principle of the new administration will be to protect the rights and foster the interests of all, and to promote the common welfare. Evidently, the independent movement which took shape in Mississippi in the last campaign, and the vigorous agitation in behalf of liberal ideas which followed, have not been without influence upon the new Executive.

THE temper of the House of Representatives as to the Star Route business was shown, last week, by the unanimous adoption of a motion to authorize the Post Office Committee to report at once such a Bill as will remedy the evils of the system of straw bonds. The existing laws on this subject seem to have been ingeniously devised for the protection of unscrupulous contractors and their allies, and unless they shall be amended, there will, no doubt, be further frauds in the matter of bonds in connection with the annual letting of contracts soon to be made. The Star Route lobby will, of course, oppose any measure which may be reported; but it is to be hoped that the virtue of Congress may prove impervious to their blandishments.

SENATOR HOAR has scored a victory as the champion of the woman suffragists, the Senate having adopted, by a vote of 35 to 23, his resolution calling for the appointment of a select committee to consider the question of woman suffrage. The resolution was vigorously opposed by the Democrats, who thought that the question should be referred to one of the standing committees; and on the final vote, only Mr. Kansom, of North Carolina, and the gallant Senator from Florida, Mr. Jones, voted against their party, and with the Republicans, in favor of remitting the whole matter to a special committee. Mr. Davis, the President of the Senate, also won fresh applause as the sole representative of the Independents, by giving his vote in accordance with the wishes of the tender sex.

THE official reports show that there was a decrease last year of 10,311 in the number of children attending the public schools of this State. Governor Cornell thinks that this marked decrease may possibly be attributable to the increased demand for labor; but he adds, very properly, that "whatever the cause, it is sincerely to be regretted, as it cannot but prove unfortunate to the well-being and usefulness of the rising generation." There has also been a decline in the school district libraries, and the Governor suggests that something should be done at once to arrest this downward tendency and secure to the youth of the State the advantages which these institutions were designed to afford. The total State expenditures on account of the public schools last year were \$10,808,892, of which \$7,775,505 were paid for teachers' wages. The number of children attending the schools was 1,021,282, while the number of persons in the State of school age is 1,662,813.

THE Independent or Liberal movement in Georgia is creating a good deal of alarm among the Bourbon politicians. There appears to be a widespread discontent among the people with the methods and tendencies of the ruling party, and it is believed that, by a hearty co-operation of the Republicans, the Liberal Democrats and the negroes, the State can easily be carried for reform. The Republicans have determined to maintain their organization intact; but they will hold themselves ready to cordially co-operate with Liberal Democrats in reforming the State Government, by supporting good men for the various State and National offices which are to be filled next Fall. The indications now are that Representative Felton will be the candidate of

the Liberals for Governor. Should the Legislature, to be chosen next Fall, fall into the hands of the Independents, Senator Pen Hill will no doubt be obliged to make way for a successor whose views are more in harmony with the spirit of the hour than those he so ably maintains.

A BILL has been introduced in the U. S. Senate to expend for the education of all the children living in the United States the entire income derived from the internal revenue taxes on the manufacture and sale of distilled spirits. The national school fund to be thus created shall be distributed among the several States and Territories pro rata, according to the census statistics of illiteracy, provided, however, that no State or Territory shall receive the proposed benefits which fails to compel all children between the ages of seven and twelve years to attend school at least six months in each year. It is certainly desirable that education should be encouraged and promoted; but the appropriation of the proceeds of any national tax to that end, so long as the public debt which occasions that tax shall continue to be burdensome, would scarcely be consistent with sound policy. If the tax is unnecessary, abolish it; but if necessary as the result of our indebtedness, let it be continued, and the proceeds applied to the extinguishment of the cause in which it has its origin and justification.

OF the hundred and sixty-four suicides officially reported to have occurred in the City of New York in 1881, only thirty-four were of women; and this accords with the theory we have elsewhere advanced, that money troubles are the chief cause of self-destruction, men in the aggregate being naturally much more exposed to these in fighting the battle of life than most women. Another cause, too, of this disproportion between the sexes, which is relatively about the same everywhere, is to be found in the stronger and more sustaining religious faith of women than of men, and their greater resignation, fortitude and patient endurance under suffering and adversity. That poverty and suicide should be so often yoked together as twin evils in our midst is a subject that invites the attention of philanthropists; for, although not in itself a measure of human woe in the world, springing from the one source, this union in death is a ghastly commentary on the unequal distribution of the favors of fortune and the imperfections of society. Notwithstanding all our progress in civilization and the arts, we seem to have made little or none, comparatively, in the diffusion of human happiness and universal well-being. Social science is yet in its infancy.

THE Utah contested election case was debated at length in the House of Representatives last week. It will be remembered that Mr. Cannon received an overwhelming majority of the popular vote for Delegate; but the Governor of the Territory gave a certificate of election to Mr. Campbell, on the ground that Cannon is an alien. Both claim the seat, and the simple question is whether the Governor's certificate should be accepted as final in the case. In the debate on the question, members embraced the opportunity to "pitch into" polygamy with great vehemence, and an attempt was made to get in a resolution declaring that Utah should not be entitled to representation so long as Mormonism is maintained; but Mr. Hobson, of New Jersey, finally brought back the House to the real question by a close legal argument, in which he showed that the certificate held by Mr. Campbell was founded on the decision by the Governor of outside questions, which he was not by law authorized to decide, and which, when they were disputed, made a contest which must, under the rules and practice of the House, be referred to the Committee on Elections. The justice of this conclusion was admitted by the House, and the whole subject was thus referred by a vote of 189 to 24. The outcome will, no doubt, be that Mr. Cannon will be admitted to the seat.

THE latest suggestion of a plan for the suppression of the political power of the Mormons comes from the Montana Delegate in Congress. His proposition is to divide Utah Territory into three parts, incorporating the western section with the State of Nevada, the southeastern with Colorado, and the small northern section with Idaho and Wyoming. By this plan the Mormons would be made citizens of States and Territories where they would be in a minority, and where the statutes forbidding polygamy could be enforced against them. Utah would be blotted out of the map, and the political homogeneity of Mormonism destroyed. Congress has the undoubted right to obliterate Utah as a Territory, and the boundaries proposed would be entirely natural; but there would be a risk, even under this plan, that Idaho and Wyoming, instead of swallowing up the Mormon authority, would themselves be Mormonized. The polygamists already form a considerable part of the population of these Territories, and this would certainly be increased by accessions from the region annexed to Colorado and Nevada. Even as to the latter States, the Gentile influence might not prove strong enough to overcome the Mormon. It is to be remembered that the population of Utah is more than twice as large as that of Nevada, and about three-fourths as large as that of Colorado. The Chicago *Times* thinks, under these circumstances, that the result of the division of Utah would be that, instead of having one polygamous Territory, we would have two polygamous States, each with two Senators, and all solicitous about their "domestic institution." This view of the case is a somewhat exaggerated one; but there is certainly room for doubt as to the efficacy of this new specific for the polygamous disorder.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE cost of the prosecution of Guiteau is said to amount to \$50,000.

GOVERNOR CORNELL, in his annual message, favors biennial sessions of the Legislature.

THE State prisons of New York were last year self-sustaining for the first time in their history.

A RISE in the Cumberland River at Nashville, last week, put 100 acres of the city under water.

SNOW has fallen in the southern counties of California—an almost unprecedented occurrence.

THE people of Macon, Ga., propose to have "a Grand National Art Exhibition" in that city in October next.

THE statement of the San Francisco Produce Exchange estimates the wheat in California at 750,000 tons.

THE cases against the straw bond Star Route men were taken up in the Washington Police Court last week.

THE House Committee on Naval Affairs is considering the plans for a new navy submitted by the Advisory Board.

THE deadlock in the New York Legislature still continues, the Tammany members holding the balance of power.

A BILL has passed the House of Representatives appropriating \$50,000 to meet the deficiency attending the taking of the census.

THE Reading Railroad election, which occupied several days last week, resulted in the triumph of the Gowen over the Bond ticket.

THE impression in army circles is that the court martial in Lieutenant Flipper's case recommended his dismissal from the service.

SCARLET fever is very prevalent in Buffalo—nine deaths having occurred in one school, while fifty other scholars are down with it.

It is believed that ex-Senator Sergeant will be made Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. William E. Chandler Secretary of the Navy.

SECRETARY FOLGER has issued a call for \$20,000,000 of extended sixes, principal and accrued interest, to be paid on March 13th.

A MOVEMENT is on foot among the members of the San Francisco Produce Exchange to start wheat speculations there on the Chicago system.

It is reported that a satisfactory settlement has been agreed upon by the managers of the trunk line railroads, which have been at war for some months.

THE Harvard Overseers have decided to accept a fund, the income of which is to be devoted to the medical education of females in Harvard University.

INVESTIGATION of the office of the Second State Auditor of Virginia shows gross neglect in the past of the public business. Over \$90,000 worth of coupons are missing.

THE seventeenth annual convention of the American Dairyman's Association was held at Syracuse last week. A number of subjects of importance to the dairy interest were discussed.

A BILL covering the plan of the readjusting element has been presented to the Virginia Legislature. It provides for the rejection of one-third of the debt as West Virginia's share.

THE Pennsylvania Republican Convention for the nomination of State officers will be held at Harrisburg on May 10th. A convention of "anti-boss" Republicans will be held May 24th.

A RESOLUTION has been submitted to the United States Senate directing the special committee on woman's suffrage to inquire into the matter of suffrage in Utah, and to report a Bill to annul any existing law conferring the right of suffrage upon women in that Territory.

THE New Jersey Legislature has adopted a resolution asking that the Government will bring back to this country the remains of General Kilpatrick, late United States Minister to Chili. The Legislature has also ordered a thorough investigation of the State finances.

STATISTICS furnished by the Superintendent of the Census of 1880 show that the native population of New York City is 727,620 and the foreign-born population 478,670. Ireland heads the list of foreign-born residents with 198,595, Germany coming next with 153,482. Of the native population 18,952 are colored.

A BILL has been introduced in the House of Representatives to authorize the issue of \$10,000,000 of Treasury notes, payable to bearer on demand, in denominations of 5, 10, 25 and 50 cents, the notes to be exchangeable at par for other currency in sums of \$100 or any multiple thereof, and to be legal tender for all debts not exceeding \$5.

THE smallpox continues to spread throughout the West. In Illinois cases have been reported from sixty-one different places, and the State Board of Health has ordered a general vaccination of employes on the routes of travel. In Cincinnati there were, last week, sixty-five new cases and twelve deaths. In Pittsburg thirteen new cases were reported in a single day.

THE total funded debt of the State of New York on the 30th of September last was \$9,109,054, of which \$2,422,981 is provided for. During the past year the public revenues have been adequate to satisfy all legitimate claims and provide \$376,500 for the Sinking Fund, leaving on hand besides a surplus larger by \$1,846,856 than that which existed at the close of the preceding year.

Foreign.

MR. GLADSTONE has again remitted 10 per cent. of the rentals on his Hawarden estate.

GERMANY and Austria look with disfavor upon the Anglo-French note to the Khédive.

THE coronation of the Czar has been postponed until July. The Winter Palace will be isolated from other buildings.

OFFICIAL returns of the French vintage give only a little more than 34,000,000 hectolitres (about 900,000,000 gallons, wine measure), showing a diminished production.

It is said that Professor Nordenskjöld contemplates an Arctic expedition in 1884, mainly for the purpose of proving the possibility of regular commercial communication with Siberia.

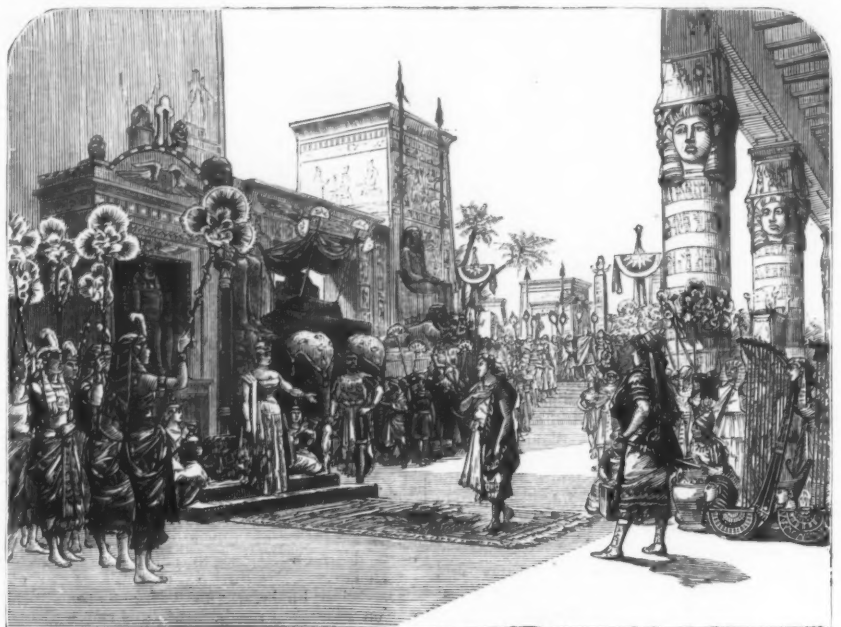
THE French Government has decided to address to the maritime States a proposal to hold a diplomatic conference for the purpose of settling questions of international law in regard to submarine telegraphy.

THE Ultramontane Deputies in the Cortes and the bishops in Spain are organizing a great pilgrimage to Rome. The Pope has given it his approval, and the Minister of the Interior has promised not to oppose it if the pilgrims abstain from political demonstrations.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 383.



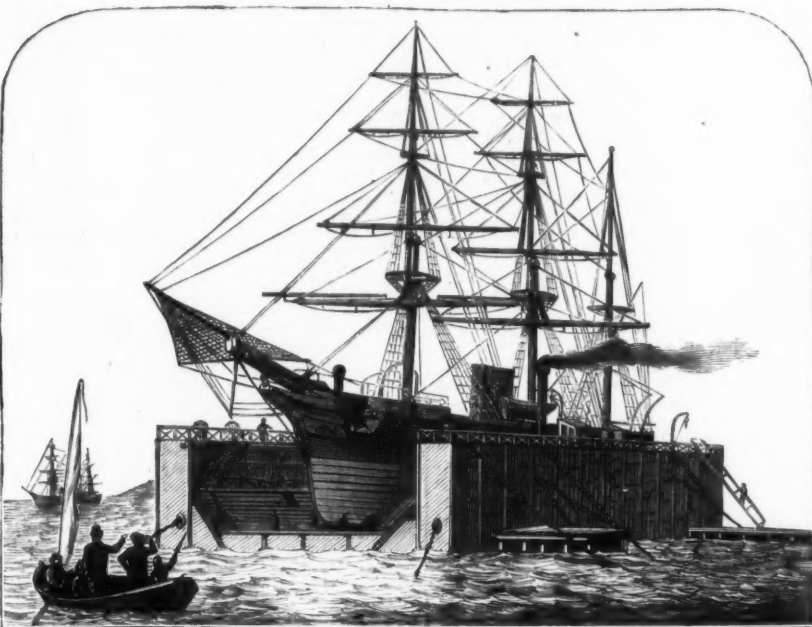
ENGLAND.—THE FATAL BALLOON DISASTER.



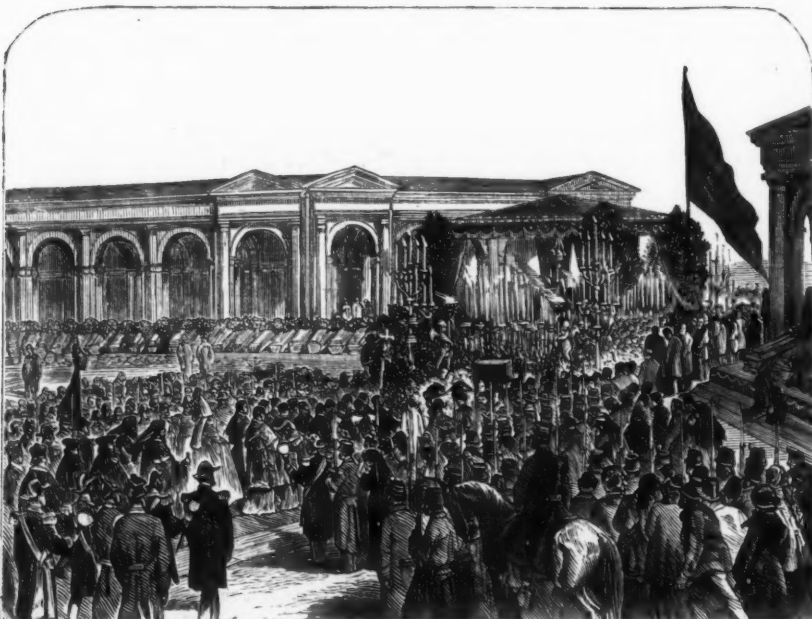
FRANCE.—"CLEOPATRA'S COURT" AT THE CHÂTELET THEATRE, PARIS.



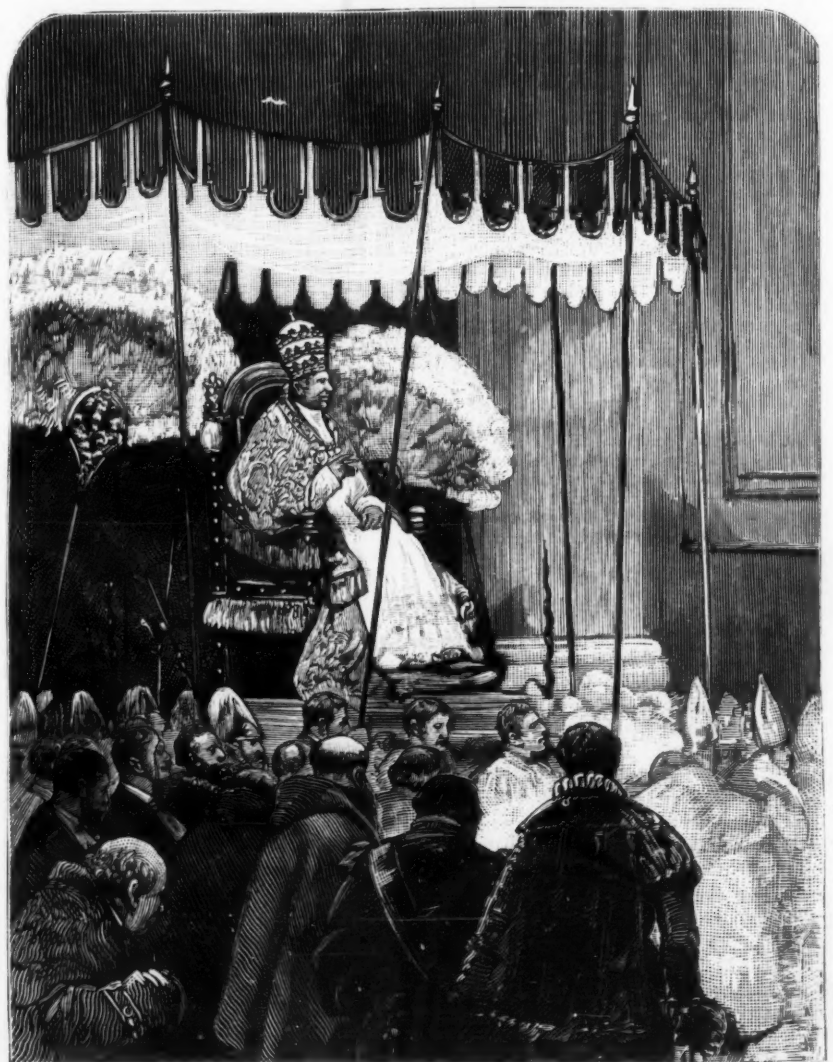
HOLLAND.—NEW NATIONAL MUSEUM AT AMSTERDAM.



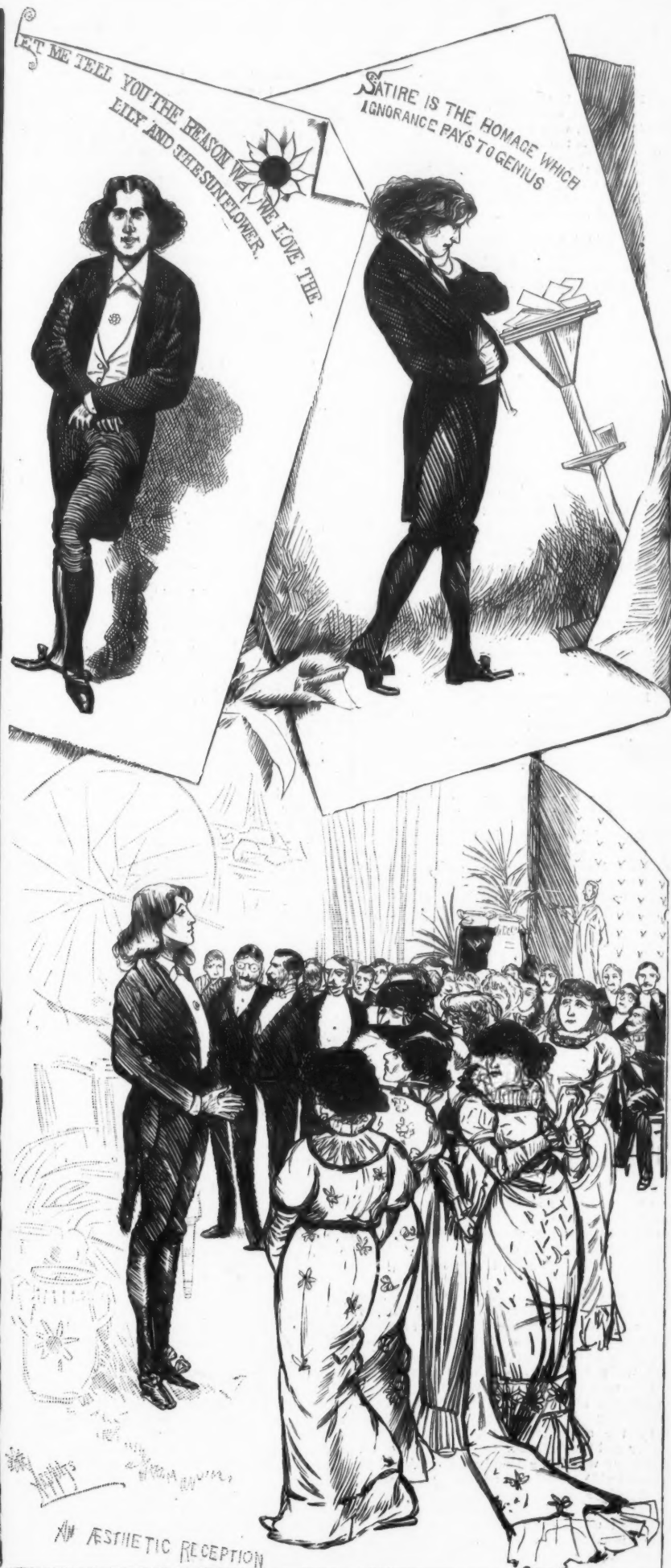
GERMANY.—NEW FLOATING DOCK OF THE IMPERIAL MARINE.



AUSTRIA.—FUNERAL SERVICES OVER THE VICTIMS OF THE RING THEATRE FIRE, VIENNA.



ITALY.—THE CANONIZATION OF FOUR SAINTS AT ROME.



OSCAR WILDE, THE APOSTLE OF AESTHETICISM.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, AND SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 382.



NEW YORK.—THE FATAL COLLISION ON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD—REMOVING THE BODY OF SENATOR WAGNER FROM THE RUINS.—SEE PAGE 382.

AIM AND END.

ALONE with my soul and the silence
I sit in the twilight sweet,
And the past and the future are mingled
As daylight and darkness meet.

I sit alone in the shadows—
I wonder, and dream, and recall,
And I ask, with a faith half-falling,
What is the end of it all?

What is the aim of the struggle?
The end of this strain and strife,
The toll and endeavor and longing,
That make up the sum of life?

The gain, for one short, sweet hour;
The loss, for the long, long years;
The patience that waits and wearies,
The prayers and regrets and tears;

The hopes, that in endless denial
Sank one by one to the past;
The desire that died in fulfillment;
The dream—and the waking at last!

I sit alone in the twilight,
And my lips are dumb,
But my heart cries out in anguish,
Till an answer come.

And at last, as the arms of darkness
Fold me around,
It comes as the moonlight cometh,
Without stir or sound!

"If thou hast loved, and given
Thyself for another—
If thou hast served, unasking,
God and thy brother—

"If once, in all life's turmoil
Of strain and strife,
One living heart hath blessed thee,
That was the end of life!"

I sit alone in the twilight,
And, wondering, muse and recall;
And the lips that I love have answered—
"This was the end of it all!"

THE ELKHORN AFFAIR.

OUR special correspondent forwards us an account of the strange affair at Elkhorn on the night of the 28th. Of course we do not vouch for the truth of the story. The affidavits of the parties concerned are appended, and our readers are at liberty to draw their own conclusions.

It will be remembered that the westbound express on the N. W. and A. Road providentially escaped destruction at Elkhorn Creek, the trestle bridge having been wrecked by the storm. The train was due at the bridge at twenty minutes past twelve. At ten minutes past twelve the eastern freight train passed over it in safety. Thus the bridge must have been wrecked during the interval of ten minutes, with so little warning that the track-walker had not yet discovered the catastrophe when the midnight express passed his caboose.

The track-man swears that when the train passed his house, which was a quarter of a mile down the road, the bridge light was burning white, which was the safety signal. The next instant, hearing the engineer blow "down brakes," he ran up the track and saw the red light showing.

The light is set upon an iron frame, and the mechanism which turns it is secured in a box at the foot, which is kept locked. There is no possible way by which the light can be turned except by the machinery, and the trackman states upon oath that the box was fastened and the key in his pocket at the time.

He further states that when he reached the signal, which he did in less than two minutes, the light was then showing white as before, the door still locked and exhibiting no trace of tampering. In these statements he is borne out by the affidavits of the conductor, the engineer and the fireman.

The story which the two last named tell is so remarkable that it is appended below in full. The incident has occasioned much excitement, and our correspondent did his utmost to get at the truth of the matter. He was unable to interview the engineer, who was absent on his wedding trip, having, since his fortunate escape, resigned his position for a safer occupation, and married the woman of his choice. The fireman, however, was found, and was induced to make a statement, which we print in nearly his own words, as follows:

"If it wasn't that people have been doing Dave Garnet gross injustice in their reports of his action in this matter, I should refuse to utter a word. I am a plain man, and don't care to be thought a fool or a liar. But I am not the one to hear a friend slandered without saying a word in his defense.

On the night of the 28th it was storming hard when we pulled out of the depot. The rain froze fast to everything it touched. Old heads like Dave and I know what that means. At every start, and up every hard grade, your wheels are going to slide around on the icy tracks, and the engine is going to rack herself all to pieces—that is, if you don't sand her well. Sand, you see, gives the drivers a grip on the rails, and after the old girl gets started she can generally take care of herself. I filled the sand box before we started, and put an extra bag in the cab in case of emergency.

"It was just after the holidays, and the sixteen cars behind us were packed full. The road was in a bad state; such a storm I hope never to see again. The wind roared around us so that we could scarcely hear our own whistle. The rain poured down in a flood and became a sheet of ice as it fell.

"We could not keep the front windows of the cab shut for a moment, for the ice made

a dense curtain over them. We had to let it rain and blow in upon us as it would; for we had to keep a bright eye upon the signal lights, most of which looked like pale blots on the mist.

"We went the first twenty miles without speaking to each other. An engineer may run an engine his lifetime, and yet he never opens his valves without a feeling of anxiety. What with the storm and the heavy train, neither of us cared to think of much besides our own duties.

"But Dave was unnaturally solemn, even for such a time. I could see his face in the light of the steam-gauge lamp. It was pale and anxious as I never saw it before.

"What's the matter, Dave?" I said.

"He turned and looked at me like a man in a dream.

"It is a fearful night," he answered, after a while. "Hear the old machine groan and complain like a sick woman. She knows she's in danger, I verily believe. I wish the trip was over, Jim!"

"Why, so do I," I said, for to tell the truth, I was unaccountably depressed myself. "But so far, everything is all right."

"Yes," he answered, "so far. But I have a kind of presentiment that we are going to have trouble before we are done with it. I have been thinking of Mary, too, for the past half-hour."

"A very good subject to think of," I said, laughing.

"Don't joke, Jim," he replied, solemnly. "It's a serious thing to think that with the fulfillment of a man's hopes of happiness only two days off, he is liable to be hurried into eternity any minute."

"It's a reaction," I said. "You have been too happy and excited with thinking of your wedding and all that, and now, what with the cold and the rain, you are looking at the darker side of the matter."

"May be," he said, then he uttered a loud cry. "Great God! Look! look!"

"He was pointing out of the window with a trembling finger, his face as white as death. I followed the direction in which he pointed, and—how shall I describe what I saw?

"I was well acquainted with Mary Warren, the girl Dave was going to marry in two days. She and I were old friends, and if it had not been for Dave's better education and fine figure, we might—but that is nothing to the point. As surely as I see you before me now, I saw Mary Warren then.

"The steam was pouring in a thick white cloud out of the stack, sometimes shutting out our view of the track ahead. The headlight made a sort of reflection upon it like the sun in a fog, and there, right in the centre of the misty glow, I saw the figure of Mary Warren.

"We were going at top speed, but the shape glided along like a shadow, always hanging in the midst of the steam.

"The strangest part of it was that, while she looked like a real living woman, suspended in the steam, I could plainly see the glow of the headlight through her figure.

"She appeared to be looking fixedly at Dave, with a wild expression of terror, and kept wringing her hands and waving them towards us, as if she wanted us to stop.

"For the space of half a minute we both stared at the shape, dumb and breathless; then the steam dispersed and the figure was gone. The whole thing was like the stereopticon views of men and animals which they show you reflected on smoke, and it disappeared exactly the same.

"When it was gone Dave slowly turned and looked at me with a terrible expression in his face.

"Mary is dead," he muttered; "that was her spirit come to bid me farewell."

"No," cried I—"no, Dave. If it was Mary at all, she came to warn you of danger ahead. She loves you well enough to be able to come out of her body to save you. Cheer up, old boy, and keep a bright lookout."

"Whether Dave took my view of the mystery or not, he kept very quiet, with his hand upon the bar and his eye on the track ahead.

"Nothing happened for the next hour to alarm us; nor did the spectral shape appear again. Just before reaching Elkhorn Bridge there is a nasty curve in the road, and you are almost on the bridge before you can see it. It was here I expected trouble, if any were to come. Evidently Dave was of my mind, for, as we turned the curve and I leaned out to catch sight of the bridge light, he said, in a low tone:

"What is it, Jim?"

"White," said I.

"Even as I said the words we both uttered a cry. Driving right before us, like a cloud of steam, we again saw the figure of Mary Warren. This time she seemed to move rapidly ahead of us and disappear near the bridge light, which suddenly turned red.

"Engineers are like the engine they manage; pull certain bars and they start, shut certain valves and they stop. When we saw that danger signal, terrified and unnerved as we were, we did our duty as naturally as if wholly at our ease.

"When we first saw the red light we were within two hundred yards of the bridge. If the road had been dry we could have stopped in that distance. But though we blew brakes and reversed the drivers, the train seemed to move on almost as rapidly as before. Dave and I exchanged looks.

"It's all over," said he. "We'll stick by her, Jim!"

"Of course," said I.

"I take this much credit to myself. I could have jumped, and felt pretty sure of saving myself, but I did not once think of it. Nor did Dave. He reached over, with one hand on the bar, and grasped mine with the other.

"Good by, old man!"

"Good-by, Dave. God bless you!"

"The seconds that followed seemed like hours. We could feel the engine jump and

shake as the reversed wheels revolved furiously under her. Still we slid on, though more slowly now. I could see where the bridge had been, the broken beams and the dark water rolling between.

"Nearer, nearer to that horrible gulf which seemed to yawn for us and our living freight. I could see the bridge-light glaring down at us with its bloody eye and not a soul near it.

"The wheels turned faster, the jar was heavier. We staggered like drunken men with the shock. Every now and then the drivers seemed to catch hold of the track and the engine would bound like a spurred horse. We were going so slowly now that we could almost have stepped off; yet we slid on, and now there was not fifty feet between us and death.

"Slower and slower we moved, and then, just as our forward trucks touched the broken beams of the bridge, we stopped. I looked up and saw that the signal light was white again, but I was so grateful, nervous and altogether so shaken, that I thought nothing of it.

"We could gather nothing from Mary Warren herself, except that she had an indistinct recollection of a dream in which Dave seemed to be in great danger, which she was trying to avert. This is the story, sir. I offer no explanation of it. It may be that our souls can leave our bodies to watch over those we love. I believe it. And I believe, too, that I owe my life to Mary Warren's love for Dave Garnet."

OSCAR WILDE, THE ÆSTHETE.

OSCAR WILDE is a success! To his managers he is a mighty dollar. He is no longer a human fifteen puzzle. People can make him out. He is called "a sweet boy," and this arrow goes very near to the mark. His initial lecture in this city last week went with wondrous smoothness. Many who came to mock remained to quaff the somewhat novel essence of the beautiful. With rare good taste Mr. Wilde proved delightfully condescending, and, not daring to teach, just enchanted his audience with a quaintly implied *entre nous*. Not a man but felt himself button-holed; not a woman but felt herself appreciated. The strange discourse was listened to in a spirit of curiosity which deepened into respect, and then into the rich ripeness of appreciation. Mr. Wilde's pleasantry was responded to by hearty ripples of laughter, and all his points "went." The attention was deeply marked, not even the *frou frou* of a petticoat or the stumblings of a male biped disturbing the agreeable hour and a half, while the dreamy tones of the poet, uttered as though he were thinking aloud, possessed a weird fascination all their own.

Oscar Wilde has scored a most palpable hit, and he is already niched and pedestaled by Society. The frantic endeavors of Mrs. Leo Hunter to induce him to show himself in stifling parlors are something incredible. Letters, verses, flowers, petitions, beseechments, flow in upon him in perfumed rivulets. He is fairly bewildered. He will not be allowed to say "No." He is the trustee of the æsthetes, and must fulfill the trust. Theophile Gautier attended the first performance of the "Hernani" in a crimson waistcoat. Oscar assisted at the debut of Sara Bernhardt with a lily in his hand. The Parisians will have it that Gautier is perpetually enshrined in a crimson waistcoat; the Londoners will have it that Oscar is ever in the possession of a lily. Little pour in upon Mr. Wilde; they confront him when he opens his languid eyes; at his toilet, breakfast, luncheon. In Society, young ladies sport them over their beating hearts in order to attract his attention. At dinners the table is graced with this modest and beautiful flower. *Wagneria prædixit*! and Oscar has commenced to dream the lily is his. In London he is chaffed about it; here he is pursued with it. Mr. Wilde longs for a little dinner at Christopher Syke's, with the Prince of Wales to select a cigarette for him. H. R. H. is the best theatrical critic and the best judge of a cigarette in London. That he is *bon camarade* this story will vouch: The Prince had been to the theatre on the previous evening, Saturday, and at dinner, at Marlborough House—Oscar Wilde being a guest—laughingly exclaimed, "I was awfully delighted to find that monarchy was still awfully popular in England, despite Labouchère and that lot. Last night a large crowd waited to see me as I entered my carriage. I bowed as I drove away. What was my disgust to hear a voice in the crowd exclaim, 'Why, it ain't h' Oscar Wilde, arter all.'"

Mr. Wilde has not arrived at the dinner age yet—yet he loveth the feeds when the cook is a *coron bleu*, and the claret a Comet vintage. In his "frock dress" he repairs to banquets worthy of Lucullus, and, despite the confronting lilies, acquits himself as a man at his age, with no conscience to digestion, alone can acquit himself. He may not snatch a ballad from the nightingale while among us, but the wing of a canvas-back is very much to his taste; and though he is precluded from quaffing of the "unvintagable sea," there are other vintagable liquors wherewith he toys to his own gratification and the exquisite delight of his entertainers. Mr. Wilde is a most charming companion, his experiences being all of the best present, and while he can tell a racy story of Swinburne, or a *mot* of Labouchère, he can cap a quotation from Aristophanes, and show cause why Cleopatra should have lived for the sake of captivating Octavius.

Our illustrations show some of the æsthetic poses of the lecturer as his first appearance here, while the portrait is true to the life.

THE POET'S "GET UP."

The "get up" of the æsthetic apostle is *bizarre*, and, being six feet one in his stockings, he can afford to don any shaped garment that may suit his mood. He has a decided affection for a color between brown and green, a tint never yet seen on sea or land, and he edges as close to it as may be. His high, very high silk hat, of that shape worn by the officers of the Guards after Waterloo, is of itself a reminder of the days of the Regency, when Beau Brummel and Pea Green Hayn were correct form, and a man tossed aside twenty muslin cravats ere he could select one from the outstretched arms of his obsequious but critical valet to suit him. Beneath this "glorious old hat" flows the lighty-brown hair in a cataract, over a high collar touching the base of the skull, also a fashion of the year '15. This coat is of delicate brown, with a green struggling for mastery. The braid is broad enough for the pelisse of a Magyar. This garment is long as a High Church curate's, and buttoned about midway so as to reveal the low-cut, turned-down collar with its knot of pale, fainting-green Chinese silk, tied by the poet's own lily-white hand. From beneath the skirts of this coat appears the trousers of the same hue. None of your "horsey" pasted-to-the-leg gaiters, but free and flowing as those of the Ancient Mariner, and adorned on the sides with double stripes of silk-bound braid. Laced boots, varnished in three coats, flash out, the toes pointed as the ace of spades. This is the "get up" of Oscar Wilde by daylight, as he lounges down the Avenue, a white stick—presented to him at the Acropolis and supposed to have been cut from the olive groves of the Academy—in his almond-white, lavender kid-gloved hand. If the day be cold Oscar flings on a dark-green overcoat, cuffed and collared with seal-skin, and braided a *outrance*. At night he wears "frock

dress." This is the garb in which one enshrines oneself when bidden by the Royalties. The white shirt, white waistcoat, revealing as much of the shirt-bosom, with its solitary stud, as possible; the usual dress coat, and knee-breeches tight to the limb, with black silk stockings and pumps. Oscar thrusts a flossy gossamer white silk handkerchief into his bosom, where it reposes in graceful disarrangement, and he uses Blush Rose only, the perfume being "imperceptibly delicious." Let the long-eared ones call him "F-o-l," but, in order to qualify themselves to meet him on equal terms, let them take the gold medal at Oxford and then—write *Ave Imperatrix!*

FATAL DISASTER ON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

A TERRIBLE accident occurred on the Hudson River Railroad near Spuyten Duyvil early in the evening of January 13th, by which a number of lives were lost, several passengers were more or less severely injured, and two palace-cars wrecked and burned. The Atlantic Express, which was due in New York City at seven o'clock in the evening, was thirty-five minutes late on leaving Albany. It ran at a high rate of speed, and had nearly made up its lost time before reaching Spuyten Duyvil. There were thirteen cars on the train. Six were parlor cars. These were the Red Jacket, Vanderbilt, Sharon, Minnehaha, Empire and Idlewild. There were four passenger coaches, two mail cars and one express car. The train had passed Spuyten Duyvil and had gone about a third of a mile, when one of the air-brakes gave out and the train was brought to a stop about two hundred yards from Spuyten Duyvil curve. This curve is one of the sharpest on the road, and an approaching train could not be seen beyond the turn. The train was delayed five or six minutes while workmen were examining and repairing the brake. A local train for passengers left Tarrytown about 6:35, shortly after the express train had passed, and left Spuyten Duyvil at 7:07, being due at the Grand Central Depot at 7:59. While the express train was standing on the track the local train from Tarrytown, running at apparently full speed, crashed into the rear of the standing train. The two rear drawing-room cars were telescoped. They then caught fire and were burned. It is believed that all of the ten or twelve persons in the rear car perished. Senator Webster Wagner was last seen, a moment before the accident, going from the second car from the rear to the rear car, and there is no doubt that he is among the victims. The number of those who perished in the second car from the rear is not known, but there seems to be reason for believing that all of the passengers were not rescued. Among the dead are a young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Park Valentine, who were on their bridal tour. The cause of the accident is not clear, but it seems that there was an almost total absence of attempt to flag the approaching train. The number of dead bodies taken from the wreck at midnight was ten. Several persons are injured, one at least fatally.

On the train were ten State Senators and twenty-six Assemblymen returning from the capital, but of these only Senator Wagner is known to have been lost. The engine of the Tarrytown train ran over the platform into the car and drove the Idlewild into the Empire with such terrific force as to render it necessary to cut it out. The stoves and lamps in the parlor cars were upset and ignited the wood-work and upholstery. The passengers were jammed between the seats and sides of the car and held while the flames rolled around and enveloped them. Of the twelve passengers in the Idlewild, nine are dead and one has been taken in an ambulance to the Ninety-ninth Street hospital, probably fatally injured. Another passenger, Miss Mary Daniels, aged twenty-five years, of the Sherwood House, New York City, who was returning from a visit to Vermont, is badly scalped about the arms and breast, and is lying at the hotel near the scene of the accident. Oliver B. Kealey, a stove manufacturer, of Spring City, Pa., had his right arm burned to a crisp, and was also burned about the body; he was taken out alive by Detective Dakin, but died at midnight at the hotel. Four bodies, burned beyond recognition, were taken to the Kingsbridge Police Station, one being that of a woman, and five were placed in a room of the hotel, one of which is supposed to be a Mr. Pringle, of Philadelphia.

A number of people living in the neighborhood of Spuyten Duyvil Creek flocked to the scene, provided with axes, buckets, etc., and were indefatigable in their exertions to save life. They rushed into the midst of the flames, pouring water and showering heaps of snow in every direction where there was any chance of doing good, but more especially on the rear of the last car whence the screams had been heard. Hundreds of hands were engaged in rolling up big piles of snow. They were passed over the fence to those who, braving the heat, ran alongside the fiery piles and tossed them through the windows to be licked up by the flames. Ladders were procured and efforts made to punch holes through the car-pans. Never did men work with more desperate energy than these Spuyten Duyvil and Kingsbridge villagers. The workmen of the Spuyten Duyvil Rolling Mill turned out in full force to assist in the now fruitless attempt to save life.

The cars burned brightly until the last vestige of wood was destroyed. The road was completely blocked, but at one o'clock a wrecking-train arrived from New York in charge of Superintendent Toucey and commenced to clear the track.

Senator Webster Wagner was born at Palatine Bridge, N. Y., October 24, 1817. He received a common school education. In 1843 he was appointed station agent at Palatine Bridge. While holding this position he engaged in the handling of grain and other farm products, and he devoted his attention for some time exclusively to this business. Through his connection with railroads he perceived the necessity of sleeping-cars. He secured the cooperation of other men, and four cars were built, which began running on the New York Central Railroad in 1858. As soon as the sleeping-coaches proved an assured success, Mr. Wagner turned his attention to the drawing-room car. In 1867 his first palace-car was invented. These cars became very popular and made the fortune of their inventor. They are used on many of the principal railroads in the United States.

In 1870 Mr. Wagner was elected to the Assembly as a Republican, by a majority of 200. In the following year he was nominated to represent the Fifteenth District in the State Senate, and was elected by 3,222 majority. At the end of that term he was returned to the Senate without opposition, and in 1875 he was re-elected by a majority of 2,628. In 1877, 1879 and 1881 he was also re-elected. Mr. Wagner was a delegate to the Chicago Convention in 1880, and was one of the seventeen New York delegates who opposed General Grant's third-term aspirations, and were instrumental in securing the nomination of General Garfield.

THE TRIAL OF GUTEAU.

A DRAMATIC SCENE IN THE COURT, DECEMBER 10TH.

THE argument of counsel in the Guitau case last week, on the prayers submitted to the Court as to the question of jurisdiction and the legal test of responsibility, was marked on the part of the prosecution by great ability, the address of Judge Porter, who closed the discussion, being especially eloquent and forcible. The scene during the closing part of his argument was intensely dramatic. Judge Porter, who is past three-score years and wears the venerable sign of ripe old age on his classical countenance, was dressed in a black cloth suit, the frock coat being buttoned about him, with his left hand

thrust into the breast of the coat. His manner throughout was deeply impressive, the intonation of his voice, his gestures and pose of body being in accord with the ideal model of the theatrical stage. During a part of the time he stood with an open law-book across his left arm, while he gesticulated with his right. Guiteau frequently interrupted the speaker, and the two engaged in a colloquy, Judge Porter saying that he would endure the interruption of the prisoner as the latter's days were short. Once, when the prisoner spoke of the Almighty, Judge Porter said: "He will come directly before the Almighty, and he had better postpone his argument, if he has any, until then. He will feel soon what he never has felt before, a divine pressure and in the form of a hangman's rope." Further on, when the speaker said that if Grant and Conkling and Arthur, whom the criminal pretended to believe would shield him, had been at the depot on the eventful second day of July they would have paralyzed the contemplated act of the assassin with an arm of iron, there was such applause that the officers had to repeatedly command silence. Thereupon Marshal Henry arose from his seat by the jury-box and said, "Let there be perfect order in court."

In discussing the subject of inspiration, Judge Porter said: "He swears that he believes in the inspiration of the Bible. He learned in his boyhood the ten commandments that are taught to every American child, and from boyhood up he knew that one of the commandments addressed to him by his Creator was, 'Thou shalt not kill.' He knew, as a lawyer, that by the law of the land he was prohibited from committing murder. But can we suppose that he really believes that the Almighty Father of us all, in looking for an appropriate agent to perform a mission such as he gave to the Apostle Paul (though that was no mission of murder), went to the 'stairway' committee rooms in the City of New York to hunt out a worthless vagabond like him? Certainly the prisoner had qualified himself for crime by a life of imposture, of swindling, of beggary, of breach of trust, of wrong, of adultery and of disease. But he himself does not believe that the Almighty selected him in the interest of the great Republican Party to represent the firm to which he impudently claims to belong, of J. & S. Christ & Co. He was inspired in both ways. He was told by the written commandment of God that to do the act would be to do murder, and he swore in his answer to my question that he did feel personal remorse. Now, what is the law of irresponsibility? First, the jury must be satisfied by the oath of an honest man that he believed he was inspired. Every man on that jury knows that there is no honest man's oath to lead him to that conclusion, and that the only oath they have in support of it is the oath of the murderer struggling for his life against the scaffold which is his doom."

This terrible arraignment made Guiteau furious, who, slapping his hands on the dock railing, declared he would go to the gallows if it were necessary, but that the words of Judge Porter were bosh, and his final effort would be stale to the jury. Mrs. Scoville, who was sitting by her husband, also became excited, and to him she said in suppressed, but audible tones, "He looked me right straight in the eye; I'll not stand this; it's not right." Order being restored, the counsel continued his oration, which he closed in a manner impressive, graceful and pathetic. In lowered tones, his voice trembling as if with the excess of emotion, Judge Porter said he now spoke words which seemed to come from the grave of the murdered President. He read then the voice of President Garfield upon the question of insanity, it being a reprint of a letter bearing date, Washington, February 6th, 1871, and written to Judge R. Paine, of Cleveland, Ohio, congratulating him upon his opinion in the celebrated Valentine case. He added that Mr. Garfield little thought that that letter would first make its appearance in black lines expressive of the popular grief at the act of the murderer who was now before this court for justice.

The argument being concluded, Judge Cox read his decisions on the prayers, overruling those of the defense, but saying that he should charge the jury to acquit the prisoner if they had a reasonable doubt of his sanity, looking at all the elements of the case. The Judge's precise language upon this point was as follows: "Even if the jury find that the defendant as a result of his own reasoning and reflection, arrived at the determination to kill the President, and as a further result of his own reasoning and reflection, believed that his said purpose was approved or suggested or inspired by the Deity, such belief would afford no excuse. But it would be different, and he would not be responsible criminally, if the act was done under the influence and as the product of an insane mental delusion, that the Deity commanded him to do the act which had taken possession of his mind, not as a result of his own reflections but independently of his own will and reason and with such force as to deprive him of the degree of reason necessary to distinguish between right and wrong as to the particular act. In such case, even if he knew that the act was a violation of the laws of the land, he would not be responsible if his reason was so perverted by the insanity that he was incapable of understanding the obligation of the law of the land, and that the act was wrong under the obligation of that law and wrong in itself."

On Thursday, the 12th inst., the summing up for the prosecution was commenced by Mr. Davidge, who reviewed Guiteau's career and his crime. During his speech the prisoner indulged in his usual interruptions, and the closing scenes were marked by an exciting episode. The question as to whether or not the assassin should be allowed to make a speech was raised, and an animated discussion, in which Guiteau and Justice Cox, as well as the counsel, took part, followed. The District Attorney, who was much excited, said that the prisoner should not leave the dock without a protest from the prosecution until a verdict was rendered. Judge Cox intimated that if the speech of Guiteau should be revised by his counsel, he would probably be permitted to deliver it from the counsel table, but subsequently he announced that, as the prisoner would be sure to abuse any privilege granted him, he would not be allowed to speak. Mr. Davidge concluded his argument on Friday, and was followed by Mr. Reed for the defense.

The Cliff-dweller—Another Deserted City Discovered.

THE discovery of a deserted city, sixty miles long, cut out of the rocky face of a winding cliff, is reported to have been made by Mr. Stevenson's Smithsonian Institution exploring party during its researches in New Mexico and Arizona the past season. This is by far the most important find yet made among the ancient haunts of the cliff-dwellers. Some of the houses contain four or five dwellings, one on top of the other, and on the plateau above the cliff were found many ruins of temples of worship. A comparison of the collections of pottery and implements gathered in the cliff houses by the exploring party with those obtained in the Pueblo villages strengthens the theory that the Pueblo Indians are the degenerate descendants of the once powerful race that built the ruined cities of the plains, and then, retreating before some more warlike foe, carved out these singular dwellings on the sheer walls of dizzy precipices, and found in them, it may be for centuries, both fortresses and homes. The *Triune* account of the discovery says: "Mr. Stevenson examined this deserted city during several days, personally visiting portions distant forty-five miles from each other, and discovering with his glass that the excavations extended fifteen or twenty miles further on. By far the greater number are inaccessible, but many of the old paths, worn many inches deep by the feet of the ancients who dwelt there, are intact, and by them the explorer mounted to the old dwellings. There was a marked similarity in the form and construction of

these excavations. There was only one aperture, which served for door, window and chimney. The single room had an oval roof, which bore the grooves made by the flint adzes or axes of the excavators. The method of digging or carving out these caves was disclosed by the form and direction of the grooves, which were usually parallel to each other, and several inches apart, while between, as shown by the rough surface of the stone, the remaining substance had been broken off. There were fireplaces at the rear, but no place of exit for the smoke except the single aperture in front. Many of the dwellings had side or rear excavations of small size, within some of which corn-cobs and beans were found, evidently left by chance inhabitants of a later period. Near the roof of many of the caves there were mortises, projecting from which in some instances there were discovered the decayed ends of wooden sleepers. These were of a kind of wood not recognizable as a present growth of the locality and unknown to the explorers. Specimens were brought away to be examined and classified by naturalists. In the sides of some dwellings there were found small recesses, evidently used as cupboards for the household utensils of the family. The substance of the cliff was tuffa, a volcanic ash quite soft and easily worked by the rude implements of the old builders.

"Upon the top of the Mesa or tableland above these caves there were found large circular structures, now in ruins, but with walls to the height of ten or twelve feet still standing. They were evidently places of worship. They were built of square stones of nearly uniform size, about twenty inches in length by six inches in width and four in thickness, cut from the cliff. Measurements were made of two of these structures, one of which was 100 and the other 200 feet in diameter, and might have held from 1,000 to 2,000 people. The inference that these were places of worship is drawn from the fact that the Pueblos of the present day, who are fire and sun worshippers, have similar temples. No remains of altars were found, which fact is doubtless to be explained by the exposed situation and the soft materials probably used in the construction of such furniture. The southern end of this cave city, which seemed to have been the most densely populated, presents many evidences of art and industry. This locality is more broken, and offers a better chance for successful resistance to the assaults of an enemy. There were found many animal forms carved out of stone. In one place there were two life-sized mountain lions, animals which are still peculiar to that region. There are also to be seen many smaller animal forms, so much worn away that it cannot be determined what they were designed to represent. Upon standing walls in this neighborhood are many hieroglyphics, which from their resemblance to the picture-writing of the living Pueblos may, Mr. Stevenson thinks, be partially, if not entirely, deciphered. The great age of this city is proved by the vast accumulation of debris from the upper portion of the cliff, which covers its base. In places where mountain brooks have cut their way through, the existence of one and sometimes two rows of cave dwellings below the surface of the debris is disclosed. Mr. Stevenson thinks that several centuries have passed since this dead city was in its prime."

North Carolina's Mineral Wealth.

A WRITER in the Cincinnati *Commercial* says: "Out of two hundred and forty known minerals in the United States, North Carolina possesses within her borders more than one hundred and eighty. Her iron and copper ores are, in quantity and quality, unlimited and unsurpassed. Her gold and silver deposits cover large areas, and many mines are being actively and profitably worked by Northern capital. Her coal deposits, while rich and extensive, have been but imperfectly explored. Two railroad lines are now penetrating these sections, and will soon work out the coal problem. Emeralds, garnets, crystals, agates and other precious stones abound in great numbers. Recently, an eminent Northern geologist (Professor Hiddon) prospected in Alexander County, and found crystals which, on being tested in New York, were found to be of value fully equal to that of the diamond. The same scientist subsequently discovered a pure emerald, and a few days ago came upon a pocket of them. Besides those named above, other minerals abound in limited abundance, especially kaolins, corundum and mica, and of the two, North Carolina is claimed to be the storehouse of the world."

"Heresy" in Scotland.

HAVING learned a lesson by its struggle with Prof. Robertson Smith, the Free Church of Scotland has refused to take action against Professor Bruce, of the Glasgow Divinity Hall, who has recently published "a volume of dubious tendency," in which he discusses the chief end of revelation. The local presbytery refused to take any action in the case, and the Free Church Commission also declined to take up the matter. The comment of the *Pail Mail* *Gazette* before the matter was decided was as follows: "Mr. Smith is now many times more popular and more influential than he was before, and he has recently proved in a most unmistakable manner the strength of his following in those parts of the Highlands that have been hitherto regarded as the stronghold of Free Church orthodoxy. Another victim, Mr. Macrae, of Dundee, who was thrust out of the United Presbyterian Church for heresy of the mildest type, has carried with him into the open one of the largest and most influential congregations in Scotland. Persecution which ends in this way ceases to be a terror, and the lesson has been already partially learned by the Established Church, which now tempts its heretics into an easy submission, or lets them alone. The voluntary churches will learn the lesson, too, some day, if they do not wish to give their great rival a monopoly of fair play and rational freedom in matters of opinion."

A Supply of Gas from Coke.

A NUMBER of New York capitalists are said to have organized a company for leading gas from the Pennsylvania coke regions to New York. The source of supply of the inflammable vapor is the Pennsylvania coke regions in southwestern Pennsylvania, and fifty miles east of Pittsburgh. To convert this coal into the coke of commerce at present requires the services of over seven thousand ovens and the labor of twelve thousand men, and the employment of nearly \$12,000,000 of capital. The amount of valuable heating gas which escapes in these regions from the seven thousand ovens every twenty-four hours is four hundred million cubic feet. The gas is a lean carburated hydrogen-lean in carbon, but rich in hydrogen, the element of heat. As compared to the lighting power of good coal gas properly purified, this coke gas possesses six to eight candle-power, photometrically speaking, as compared to sixteen candle-power in the case of purified gas. The trouble of getting it to New York by pipes is not solved yet; oil can be pumped great distances without trouble, but a seaboard gas line would require pumping stations every twenty-five miles. Again, there is the deteriorated and illuminating qualities of gas are rapidly deteriorated under these circumstances. A pressure of ten atmospheres will lessen the value of lighting gas 25 per cent, and in every mile of

conduct there will be deposited from this heating-gas some of its valuable properties as a heat producer.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

"Cleopatra's Court" on the Paris Stage.

The spectacular play of "The Thousand and One Nights," by MM. Adolphe D'Ennery and Paul Ferrier, on the stage of the Châtelet Theatre, has proved the theatrical success of the year in Paris. The Court of Cleopatra, of which we give an illustration, was a scene of extraordinary spectacular grandeur. At the moment *Marc Antony* approached the *Queen* she descended from her throne of gold and red, clad in a white robe with golden trimmings, and the members of the grand ballet began executing some of the most brilliant movements ever seen on the Paris stage. As may be judged from our illustration of this particular scene, the entire piece is mounted in a most princely manner, and all the accessories are in strict harmony with the spirit of the display.

The Balloon Accident.

This terrible occurrence which it is to be feared will ultimately be shown to have had a fatal termination, in the loss of Mr. Walter Powell, M. P., took place on Saturday, December 10th, when Messrs. Powell and Agg-Gardner, with Captain Templer, R. E., made an ascent for the purpose of making scientific experiments and observations in the Saladin, a Government balloon lent for the purpose to the Meteorological Society. They started from Bath at about midday, and, crossing over Somerset to Exeter, continued their course till near Eype, about a mile west of Bridport, Dorsetshire, and within half a mile of the sea, when, about five o'clock, finding that they were rapidly drifting seaward, they attempted to descend. The balloon came down with great rapidity, and struck the ground with much violence. Mr. Agg-Gardner and Captain Templer were both thrown out of the car, the former sustaining a fracture of the leg and the latter being cut and bruised. Mr. Powell was left in the car, and Captain Templer shouted to him to come down the valve line, which he still had hold of, but which was torn out of his grasp as he spoke, and the balloon instantly rose to a great height, and, drifting rapidly out to sea in a southeasterly direction, was soon lost sight of in the darkness. When last seen Mr. Powell was bravely standing up in the car waving a courageous adieu to his comrades. Portions of the balloon have since been found, but nothing is known of the real fate of Mr. Powell.

The Imperial Floating Dock.

The German Imperial Navy is in possession of two floating docks, one at Kiel, the other at Danzig, in or on which war vessels of the largest tonnage cannot only be moored, but actually towed from place to place, always, be it understood, for short distances and in smooth waters. The dock at Danzig is 98 metres in length, 34 metres broad, and 14 metres in height. It has accommodated a 5,500-ton ship, and can be used for a vessel of 7,500 tons. The floating dock at Kiel, of which we give an illustration, is suitable for corvettes and ships of a smaller class. It is 80 metres long by 50 broad; and 8 in height, and can accommodate a ship of 3,000 tons. Our illustration represents the corvette *Carola* being towed along while all the necessary repairs are being made en voyage. The moment the superintendent announces the ship ready for sea, the engineer who works the dock is notified, and slowly and quietly the great dock sinks into the ocean, leaving the vessel afloat.

Funeral of Victims of the Ring Theatre Horror.

The bodies of 126 victims of the disaster at the Ring Theatre in Vienna were interred at the Central Friedhof by their friends on December 11th, and on the following day 151 more were tenderly laid away. The Central Friedhof is the great cemetery in the suburbs of the capital, having separate entrances for Catholics, Protestants, Greeks and Jews. The remains, inclosed in metallic coffins, were ranged in front of the semi-circular arcades, while close by was an immense catafalque lighted with a forest of tapers. Hundreds of wreaths were strewn about by mourners and Imperial and official sympathizers. The regimental band stood behind the catafalque, and two lines of infantry formed the outline of a huge cross. Services were held by the Catholic, Greek, Protestant and Jewish clergy, according to the rites of each denomination. Before the ceremonies at the cemetery, a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral of St. Stephen's, which was largely attended by members of the Imperial family, the generals of the army and their staffs, and the ministers, ambassadors and other officials. All the victims, whether identified or not, will be buried in this cemetery, and a sculptured memorial will be erected to record the great disaster.

The National Museum at Amsterdam.

This superb building is now the delight of all the good burghers of Amsterdam. It is superbly situated, having the canal in front and spacious and open grounds surrounding it. Commenced in 1877 under the fostering and watchful care of the architect, P. J. H. Supper, it now becomes the magnificent erection which we give in our illustration. The halls are spacious, lofty and fitted up after the most aesthetic fashion, while never sacrificing a grand simplicity, the chord of the entire composition. The library is an exceptionally fine apartment, destined to be filled with books relating to, and bearing upon, the various objects gathered together in the museum. The building is of gray slate, faced and coped with granite, and the entire facade is to be adorned with medallions. The hallways are paved in mosaic. In the main hall are colossal statues representing Justice, Truth, Wisdom and Beauty. At the entrance are statues in white marble typifying Sculpture, Architecture, Painting and Music. In the principal gallery are portraits, that of Rembrandt, done by himself, being in the centre. This grand edifice will not be completed in all its thousand and one details until 1883.

Canonization of Saints at Rome.

The imposing ceremonies at St. Peter's, Rome, incident to the canonization of four saints, occurred on December 8th last, and was the most striking feature of the reign of the present Pontiff. The Pope entered the hall at ten o'clock, forming the central figure of a long and stately procession, each member of which, except the military element, carried a large lighted wax taper. The Pope wore the *Tireme*—the triple crown—whose magnificent gems flashed and sparkled in the light of the lighted taper he carried in his left hand, while with his right he distributed blessings on either side. He was borne aloft in the crimson and gold *Sedia Gestatoria*, supported on long poles resting on the shoulders of twelve stout bearers, wearing old-fashioned dresses of red damask; and above his head was stretched the *baldachino*, a huge canopy of cloth-of-silver edged with gold, held up by long, gilt poles, carried by twelve other bearers. In this way the Pope was borne to the steps of the altar, and then, descending, knelt alone for some moments before the ceremonies commenced. The most noticeable features were the reading and setting forth, by Cardinal Bartolini, of the merits and miracles of the four candidates for sainthood, and when these had been solemnly confirmed by the Pope and the canonization announced, the famous silver trumpets pealed forth a sweet and tuneful strain of thanksgiving, which mingled with the clash of arms as the guards knelt and saluted at the word of command from their officers.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—An American war steamer is quietly surveying Samana Bay.

—THERE are 500 persons, one-third of them females, living in the Vatican.

—LARGE quantities of Irish potatoes are being exported to the United States.

—GERMANY and Austria are resolved to maintain the status quo in the East.

—THE Russian garrisons on the Merv frontier are being reinforced and the outposts advanced.

—A MOVEMENT is on foot to bring out to the Canadian Northwest colonies of Jews from Russia.

—THE census of Paris, taken on December 18th, gives a population of 2,225,900, against 1,988,800 in 1876.

—THE United States has been invited to take part in an industrial exhibition to be held in Amsterdam in 1883.

—THE Mayor of Rome declares the people would rather see the city in ashes than again bow to Papal domination.

—THE House Committee on Foreign Affairs has begun an investigation into American diplomacy towards Chili and Peru.

—A PROHIBITION crusade has been begun in Nebraska with the view of gaining control of the Legislature next Winter.

—BISMARCK has made claims upon Holland touching the navigation and fisheries of the Rhine, which the Dutch treat coldly.

—OF the thirty-six members of the Utah Legislature, thirty-two are officers of the Mormon Church and twenty-eight polygamists.

—THE French Government has requested the railways to reduce their passenger fares fifty per cent, and freights twenty per cent.

—IN spite of alarms about an ice famine, the assurance comes on good authority that Maine alone can supply ice for all emergencies.

—THREE Royal Commissioners on technical education will leave England for the United States shortly to investigate the subject.

—A STORM has greatly damaged the French military camps in Tunis and stopped communication with the coast. A famine is threatened.

—OWING to the prevalence of smallpox at Port Jervis, N. Y., the churches were all closed there on a recent Sunday by order of the Board of Health.

—THE joint note sent by England and France to the Egyptian Government declares that those governments will resist outside interferences in the affairs of the country.

—THE *London Standard* says the utmost that can now be hoped for the negotiations for an Anglo-French treaty of commerce is a temporary renewal of the existing treaty.

—THE sulphur mines at Schmolnitz, Hungary, are on fire, and fears are entertained that the flames cannot be extinguished. It is probable that a loss of many million florins will be involved.

—FIVE of the thirty-nine persons accused of distributing socialistic election proclamations have been found guilty at Dresden. The severest sentence imposed was four months' imprisonment.

—IT required 1,000 cars to carry exhibits to the Atlanta Exposition, but 200 were sufficient to take away those which remained unsold. Nearly everything except the heavy machinery found a purchaser.

—AT the annual meeting of New York and Brooklyn Congregational ministers, last week, a resolution was adopted calling upon Congress to drive polygamy from the Territories of the United States.

—THE largest steel sailing ship, and registering 2,220 tons, has just been launched at Belfast, for the White Star Line. It is named the *Garfield*, and will be employed in the Australian and Californian trades.

—A REPORT from Corea states that 1,000 Coreans, advocates of anti-progressive principles, have made an attempt to overthrow the Government. The authorities had the ringleaders arrested and executed.

—THE British Board of Trade returns for the month of December show an increase in the value of imports of £18,408, and an increase in the value of exports of £1,967,263, as compared with the corresponding month last year.

—THE editors of eleven Republican newspapers in Madrid have signed a declaration in favor of continuous efforts to establish a Democratic Government. The organs of Señor Castelar have abstained from participation in the movement.

—THE sum of \$13,537,731 has been received and \$13,377,155 paid out on the East River Bridge between New York and Brooklyn, and there are outstanding liabilities of \$100,000. About \$600,000 more will be needed to finish the structure.

—THE money-order department of the New York Post Office transacted last year an aggregate business of \$58,999,768.81, an increase of \$7,750,000 over 1880. To Great Britain, \$2,366,649.73 was sent; to Germany, \$1,738,390.52, and to Italy, \$328,737.49.

—AN order has been made in the United States Court at Trenton, N. J., appointing a master to examine the accounts of the executors of Mr. Lewis, who left to the Treasury \$1,000,000 towards paying the national debt. The estate will now at once be closed up, after a litigation of several years.

—THE Bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Windom for the construction of a Congressional library building and other purposes provides for the purchase of all the squares of ground immediately adjoining the Capitol grounds on the north and on the south, and appropriates \$2,000,000 for the building.

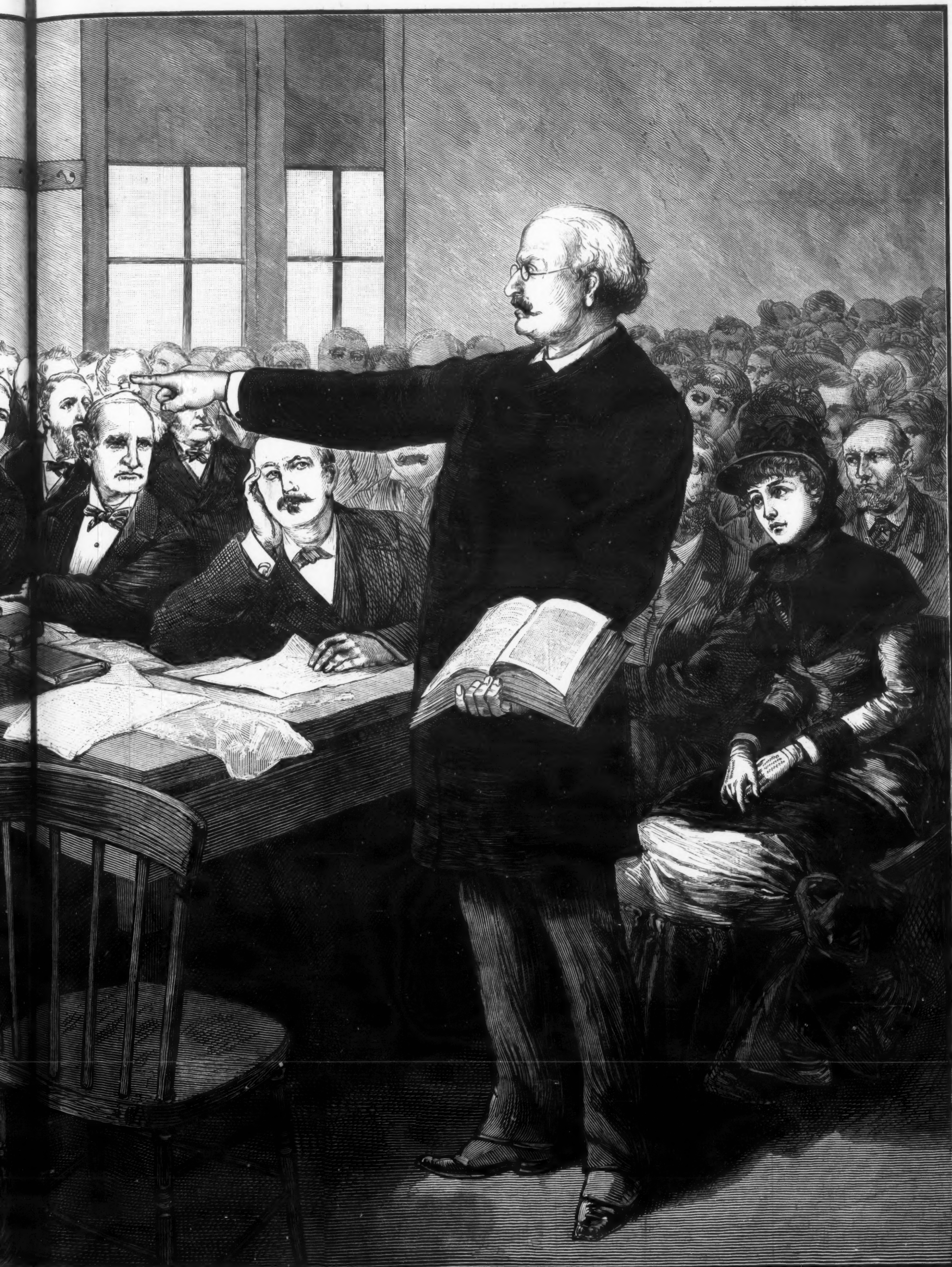
—A CONVENTION of the people of the Black Hills, held last week, adopted resolutions favoring the division of Dakota on the forty-sixth parallel of latitude and the admission of the southern part as a State. A committee of fifty-one was appointed to go to Washington and urge the matter upon Congress.

—THE interest awakened throughout the country in the civil service reform question by reason of Senator Pendleton's speech delivered in the early days of the session, is illustrated by the fact that several editions of the speech have been exhausted, and it has become necessary to stereotype the speech to satisfy the demands for it.

—THE message of Governor Ludlow, of New Jersey, shows that the receipts of the Treasury during the year were \$578,747.87, of which \$646,025.93 were paid by corporations. The assets of the School Fund are stated at \$3,000,000 in addition to a 2 mill tax. The expenditures of the State for all purposes were \$1,096,203.93. There is a Sinking Fund of \$1,265,000 to meet the war debt of \$2,000,000, which, under the terms upon which it was negotiated, is being paid off at the rate of \$100,000 a year.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE TRIAL OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S ASSASSIN—DRAMATIC SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM, DU
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



COURT-ROOM, DURING JUDGE PORTER'S ARGUMENT ON THE PROPOSITIONS SET UP BY THE DEFENSE, JANUARY 10TH.
OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 382.

A CLOUDED NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS."

CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED).

It was not to be expected that a man—and one in love, too—would be in any hurry to break up such a delightful party and to face the nipping solitude of the Southwinton Road. It was not until the dinner-bell clanged in the hall that the young officer jumped up with an apology for lingering so late.

"Won't you stay and dine with us?" said the vicar, with a little marital defiance in his carefully-averted eyes. "Oh, never mind!"—as Georgie looked down hesitatingly on his morning coat. "We don't dress to night, as we are bound presently to assist at a village entertainment—our penny readings."

"Can I be of use?" asked Georgie, with scarcely concealed eagerness.

"Well, yes; we shall be very glad," answered the vicar mischievously conscious of his wife's disapproving frown. "My own share in the programme is rather heavy, and I shall be glad of help. Will you read 'The Charge of the Six Hundred'? It is in your line?"

"Yes," answered Georgie, dauntlessly. He would have faced the charge itself for the sake of the blissful two hours it secured him.

"Do you sing? Let me see—I think you do," went on the vicar, altering his programme. "Will you take the second in 'Come where my love lies dreaming'? Miss Verney takes first," added provoking John, casually.

"Hadt I better just try it over first," suggested Georgie, "if Miss Verney will not mind?"

"Yes; let us get dinner over first; there will be a quarter of an hour to spare," assented the vicar, amusedly conscious of Clara's demure, and careful not to meet the marital eye.

"You—you horrid match maker!" she exclaimed, savagely, catching him in the hall on her way to the nursery whilst the rehearsal was going on.

"Don't call bad names," answered John. "Curses, like chickens, go home to roost, remember."

The vicar had taken matters into his own hands; and when he did that, his wife knew by experience that he generally carried them through.

Clara kissed her nestled little ones all round, and ran back to the drawing room as quickly as she could. The vicar was in his study and Georgie was cloaking Estelle. He looked hatefully happy, and there was still that radiant something in Estelle's face which Clara had never seen there before, and which was alarmingly suggestive to her mind.

It was a dark night. Only a narrow path from the rectory to the schoolhouse had been swept clear of snow. It was very slippery withal, and the vicar tucked his wife under his arm and led the way, lantern in hand, there being no metropolitan gas in that primitive Arcadia. Georgie found himself left to guide Estelle's footsteps, and in these most adventurous circumstances he was ecstatic. Mrs. Wilmer was angry.

"Fidelity, indeed!" she exclaimed, scornfully, as she clung to her husband's arm along the precarious path. "I wonder if there is such a thing left in the world?"

"Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love," quoted her husband, sententially.

"But Estelle! I need not have been anxious, it seems," said Clara, with a toss of her head and a backward glance at the other lantern, diminished to a glow-worm light in the distance.

"No. 'Le roi est mort—vive le roi!' History only repeats itself," said the vicar, who was in high spirits.

"Let us wait for them," exclaimed Clara, impatiently, standing still at the gate.

"No; let us go on," replied her husband. "Do as you would have been done by, my dear."

The laggard pair came up presently, but not until Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer had reached the school porch. Clara was cold and distant, but Estelle seemed quite unconscious of any change in her friend, which was provoking, and even a little ridiculous, as Clara began to feel at last. When a person will not see that he or she is snubbed, the weapon is apt to recoil on the snubber.

"She has disappointed me dreadfully," Mrs. Wilmer said to her husband, when what the local newspapers called "a most successful and enjoyable evening" was ended. "I did not think she would forget so soon."

"You have puzzled me dreadfully!" retorted the vicar. "I thought that was what you wanted—that she should forget."

"Men never understand," answered Clara, growing red in the face.

"Women are incomprehensible," simply propounded John in return.

This conversation took place in the vicar's study, where he was smoking a last pipe before retiring for the night, after Clara and he had counted up the evening's receipts and settled accounts together.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the vicar, suddenly. "The plot thickens! Listen to this!"

He had opened the day's newspaper, delayed by a snow storm on the line, and brought in only too late to receive attention before the business of the evening was finished.

"The Woodford Mystery—Confession of the Murderer!" read Mr. Wilmer.

"The murderer!" echoed Clara, breathlessly, looking over his shoulder.

"Yes, the murderer! Extraordinary—remarkable!" commented John, as he read, "The General's own servant! Well," as he dropped the newspaper upon his knee, and turned to look into his wife's face, "this complicates matters—for you!"

"I don't laugh!" cried Clara, trembling. "Oh, John, if it should have come too late!"

"Yes," said the vicar, "that would be awkward. Another 'Enoch Arden' sort of story. 'Calypso se console,' as Thackeray says. And, if Calypso can be consoled, why, there is very little to be said about it! It is rather hard on the poor fellow out there, of course; but Ulysses may have consoled himself also—there is always that possibility, you know. The worst of it is that, if things do not go in this amicable way, you and I may blame ourselves for a good deal."

"How could we tell?" remonstrated Clara.

"Exactly. How could any one tell? The case seemed clear enough. Now that we can be wiser after the event, however, it seems to me that we quite forgot to give the man common English justice—the benefit of the doubt."

"I will go to Estelle," said Clara, rising. "Give me the paper. I wonder how she will bear it?"

"Don't disturb her now," suggested the vicar; "it is late," looking at his watch. "She is dreaming by this time. Let her dream—until the morning."

But, as Clara passed Estelle's door, a hand stole out and drew her in.

"I cannot sleep until I have told you," said a voice, tremulous with happiness. "At first I thought I would keep it all to myself—until you had found it out; but I cannot wait any longer."

"Then it is too late!" thought Clara, with a sinking heart. "And, as John says, it is our fault."

"I thought you should come to me and tell me first," went on Estelle, "because I knew—I felt that you had been against him."

"I," faltered Clara—"I?"

What was she to say? All her traditions of faith and fidelity were rudely assailed; her idol of a broken-hearted maiden letting disappointment, "like a worm in the bud," feed on her cheek; was only a fiction; her fine china proved but common clay. Mrs. Wilmer was positively bewildered with these sudden changes and the doubt as to where her sympathies were really due and what was true and real in the whole complication.

There stood Estelle, beaming triumphantly, waiting to be congratulated, no doubt. And how could her mother's friend congratulate her?

"All the world will know now what I have always known," said Estelle, lifting her head proudly. "I was sure the day would come."

Was that it? A great load rolled off Clara Wilmer's heart. Estelle was true, then, after all! She forgot all about certain little plans and schemes of her own as she threw her arms round the girl, parting the rippling screen of chestnut hair which half veiled her to look into her face.

"I know—I know; we have just read it, John and I. And I am so glad—so thankful!" sobbed Clara.

Then the two women embraced again, and cried and laughed together after the usage of the sex under excitement.

"My darling, he is a hero; he is splendid! I am so glad that you will be happy at last!" whispered Clara, as she bade Estelle good-night.

She did not see how at that moment the glad light faded out of the face which had been so radiant a moment before. Estelle fastened the door behind her and sank down upon her knees by the bed, hiding her face in the white coverlet.

She had been so glad, so triumphant. It had been such a deep joy to know that he was vindicated, that he stood before the world spotless. She had had no thought but for him in that first exultation. Now it struck her like a blow that she had no part in this glad triumph of his; she could only stand apart whilst another was nearer to him in all which would once have been hers. As she knelt there, she tried to tell herself that she was satisfied now that the dark cloud had rolled away from his life—that she asked nothing more than to know that all was clear before him, that he was happy. But her woman's heart cried out in its loneliness and demanded something for itself—poor little human heart, that had struggled and suffered and loved so long, and had set itself a task so high that it could only fall back now piteously abashed at its own weakness!

The brief glow of joy and triumph had faded out, and, oh, how cold and blank it all was again! She was not a heroine, only a loving woman who loved still when her pride and her duty ought to have taught her to love no longer.

"It is all right," Clara Wilmer, very voluble and excited, was saying to her husband; "we had made a mistake altogether."

"What, another mistake?" exclaimed the vicar.

"Well—about Mr. Armstrong. Estelle has never wavered; she has always been true to Mr. Mervyn; and he has behaved splendidly. I understand it all now. Whilst all that dreadful affair was unexplained, he would not claim her promise. He left her free—he was too noble and generous to appeal to her—he waited for this day. Of course, he has written to her—that is how she has been the first to hear it, no doubt. You told me once to wait for the end. And it has ended happily, after all! How could we have expected it? Everything looked so dark at first. And now it is so bright!" So Clara explained matters.

"Hum!" responded John, reflectively. "And young Armstrong?"

"Oh, as for that," answered Clara, after a short discomfited pause, "men soon get over these things! Perhaps it was only a flirtation, after all. And, in any case, it is his own fault. Estelle—"

"It strikes me he has had some encouragement," remarked the vicar.

"He is Mr. Mervyn's friend. You remember how he spoke up for him at Beechwood that night: Estelle must have liked him for his championship," said Clara. "She was grateful to him; that was all."

"And he thought that gratitude, like pity, was akin to love, I dare say," observed the vicar.

"He ought to have known," said Clara, decidedly.

"So ought the moth to know that the flame will burn," answered her husband. "For my part, I am sorry for the young fellow."

Whilst all this had been going on at the rectory, Lieutenant Armstrong, closely buttoned up to the chin, had been bravely breasting the worst fury of the savage northeaster, on his way back to Southwinton, caring little for the bitter blast or the blinding sleet, so warm was the heart which beat high beneath his stout ulster. Although he was "not a conceited fellow," as he constantly reminded himself, hope swelled triumphantly within him. He was really getting on with her; she had been so gracious to him all through that blissful evening, she had smiled on him, she had sung with him, she had looked so transcendently lovely, she—she—Georgie scarcely knew how to sum up the intangible "trifles light as air" which are yet "confirmation strong" of a woman's favor.

"Surely," said he, "a girl must know what a fellow means when he worships the ground she treads upon? And she'd scarcely draw him on if she meant to throw him over afterwards. Miss Verney, at all events, wouldn't. That girl is good and true; I'd stake my life upon it!" concluded Georgie, stepping out gayly in the very teeth of the wind, and laughing at its swinging buffet, although it made him stagger as he laughed. "If this wind lasts, we shall have some sleighing. I'll telegraph up to Woodford for the buffalo rugs I brought from Canada, and have the wheels taken off the dog-cart phaeton; and perhaps I may get Mrs. Wilmer"—doubtfully—"or the parson to do propriety and that sort of thing. Or Lady Drummond might; she's awfully good-natured. If she would only think of asking Feena!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

"GEORDIE, Georgie, my poor dear ostrich of a boy, haven't you been hiding your head in the bush and thinking I couldn't see you? And haven't I found you out? Don't attempt to deny it! It's written all over your letter from the first sentence, 'My dear Feena' to the signature—not so bold and self-confident as usual, dear—Your affectionate brother, Georgie.' You are in love! You have taken the complaint in an exceedingly virulent form. You quote poetry; you have grown sentimental—you, Georgie! You mistrust yourself; you are depressed; you admit moonlit walks; you have developed a taste for solitude. Who is it? That is what my sisterly sympathy and my womanly curiosity are asking all day long. There isn't a sentence in any of your letters to indicate. I have read the whole batch over carefully to see. Who is it? Make a clean breast of it! You will feel better afterwards. Take me into your confidence, and I'll help you if I can—if I like her, and it—No; I'll help you in any case—only tell me; for I am dying to know."

"I'm so relieved that it isn't Christie," Feena Armstrong laid down her pen at this point to remark to her sister Janet, "that I feel as if I could welcome any sister-in-law short of a Hottentot Venus."

"I should prefer Christie to a stranger," said Janet, cautiously.

"But think of the wide range of possibilities in a stranger," rejoined Feena. "We know the worst in Christie—there is no hope there. But a stranger—there is infinite promise in her."

"You were always so hard on Christie!" said Janet.

"No harder than Christie has been on me," rejoined Feena, quickly, in a tone of such concentrated bitterness that Janet, not usually observant, looked up at her, startled.

"What is it, Feena?" she asked, anxiously. "What has Christie done to make you speak like that? It must be something very bad."

"What does it matter?" said Feena, in a different tone, but bending over her letter so that Janet did not see her face. "Call it a girl's quarrel, or an unreasonable antipathy on my part, a sort of 'I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.' What does it matter?"

"Only that it makes you unjust, dear," answered Janet.

"Does it?" asked Feena, carelessly.

"Yes, I know you would be sorry for that," said Janet; "but I sometimes think that this feeling about Christie tells in other things. It—it makes you bitter and hard, dear; it has altered you in some way that puzzles and worries me."

Feena said nothing for some minutes; her pen only moved quickly over her paper, and her face was turned away from Janet. Presently she rose to ring the bell; and, as she passed behind her sister, she suddenly put both arms round her neck and laid her cheek against hers; and, after Feena had gone back to her place, Janet, wondering, brushed away a warm tear left upon her plump white neck. And it came to slow-minded Janet dimly that there was something more under all this than had hitherto been dreamt of in her philosophy. Sunny-tempered Feena, the life and brightness of the Wood ord household, had caught a strain of cynicism which jarred like a false note in the old pleasant harmony of her nature. Whence did it come? Janet, pained and puzzled, had only just wakened up to question.

"Christie sails to-morrow," said Janet, presently, after a sufficiently long pause. "She has gained her point, and she seems very happy; she is a devoted woman. I wish you could"—with a wistful look at her sister—"appreciate her, Feena. Just think of what she is doing! She is giving up everything to go out and nurse the wounded in the hospital at Mirzapore. She has been chosen as one of the six sisters to be sent at once. Did you see her letter? She writes as delightedly as if

she were making the most delightful pleasure-trip. Think of the dreadful sights she will see," cried tender-hearted Janet, shuddering—"the suffering and death! And, oh!"—with an anti climax which made Feena smile—"the horrible sea-sickness! I couldn't do it. It is beautiful of Christie!"

Feena shut her lips very tight, perhaps to keep in something she might have said; and Janet, whose tactics were always of the most transparent kind, continued her labor of trying to drag the mountain to Mahomet.

"Papa and mamma will go to Gravesend to see her off to-morrow. So shall I; you will come, too, Feena?"

"No, I think not," answered Feena, without raising her head. "You shall take her my best wishes for her prosperous voyage, Janet. That will do as well—better, in fact."

"I wish you would come," pleaded Janet, "for your own sake, Feena."

"I can't," Feena answered; "I am not good at pretending, Janet. I cannot offer homage at the shrine of Saint Christal. I am an infidel; I don't believe in your divinity. I—There, Janet dear—we won't discuss her any further; let us talk of something else—Georgie, for instance. The dear old fellow! How delighted he is at Mr. Mervyn's success in India—Captain Mervyn, we must say now, I suppose. Georgie is so generous. It must make him feel being out of it all more than ever, too. Fancy! If mamma had had more of the Roman matron about her, Georgie might have distinguished himself and been a V.C., too, instead of staying at home ignominiously and falling in love. How proud we should have been! Soldiers oughtn't to have mothers; it's a mistake of nature. Mamma always reminds me of the hen who mothered the duckling—she is so frightened when he takes to the water. It's very good of him not to swim away out of her reach. Oh," cried Feena, clasping her hands with a long sigh of irrepressible longing, "I wish—I wish I were a duckling—I mean a man, that I might swim away to the other end of the world!"

"Feena," exclaimed Janet, dropping her book with a start which was absolutely tragic, "is it—is it Mr. Mervyn?"

"Is who—what? What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Feena.

"It suddenly struck me," said Janet, hesitating now, "that you—that it might be because of Mr. Mervyn."

"Perhaps it is," answered Feena, composedly.

"Oh, that would be worse than Christal! You, Feena! Although he has distinguished himself and got the Victoria Cross, and all that—at least, he will have the Victoria Cross, they say—yet, remember, Feena, it has never been proved that he did not kill his father. The *Piccadilly Times* speaks of it only this morning!" exclaimed Janet, with tears in her eyes.

"The *Piccadilly Times* is a wretch!" cried Feena, hotly. "Cannot we all see that a man who could be so heroic, so self-sacrificing, so—so splendid, could not be a cowardly murderer? They are made of different stuff—murderers. I mean."

"Then it is so!" exclaimed Janet, tearfully.

"What is so?" asked Feena, distractedly.

"I declare we have got so mixed up with Christie and Mr. Mervyn and—murderers that I don't know what you mean, Janet! If you mean that I have any special interest in vindicating Mr. Mervyn, you are the most blundering, blind, idiotic old darling in the world!" concluded Feena, suddenly dropping her indignant tone and breaking into amused laughter. "What could possibly have put such an absurd idea into your head?"

"I don't know," confessed Janet, breathing more freely again as she picked up her book. "I thought it accounted for—for"

"Don't try to account for anything," said Feena, quickly, stopping her mouth with a kiss—"not even for Christie's voyage and the noble self-sacrifice— isn't that what the papers call it?—which expatriates our devoted cousin. But I forgot; we agreed to leave that subject; and it is nearly post-time, and my letter is only half-finished. Don't speak to me again for ten minutes, please."

Presently she folded her letter to Georgie and thrust it into its envelope. Then, with a sudden impulse, she opened it again and dashed off a postscript.

"Tell me how Lady Drummond is looking. Has the death of her husband altered her in mind, manner or looks? I want to hear all about her. Remember me affectionately to her at the first opportunity."

As she refolded her letter, her eyes fell on the sentence—"My experience tells me that not the girls you do speak of, but the one you don't, would be the real thing." Feena crimsoned painfully as she read, glancing nervously at Janet as she hastily closed her envelope.

"That little monkey of a Feena is as sharp as a needle," said Lieutenant Georgie, admiringly, as he read her letter. "Now, how the dickens has she guessed? By Jove, she is the cleverest girl I know! I wish I had her here; she might put me up to a wrinkle or two. For I declare I feel as small as Master Tim himself and as stupid as an owl when I am with her. I thought I knew something about girls, too—having sisters, and all that—and I never expected to be afraid of one; but I am no better than a stammering idiot when I get the chance to speak to her, and I am miserable till I do get the chance. 'The time is out of joint,' as somebody says. I'm out of joint; everything's out of joint. I've laughed at other fellows and chaffed them, and now it's my turn, I suppose—and serve me right, I dare say. I'd no idea it was such a serious matter. I envy that small monkey Tim the way that he rattles on with her. I wish I could get Feena down. If Lady Drummond would ask her! There was something about visiting one another when they were all together at Bellagio last year. They were awfully chummy, I know—kissing,

and all that sort of thing. It might occur to Lady Drummond if I gave Feena's message. And little Fee would come like a shot, I know. I'll try it on. Girls can always get at each other, and Fee would know if I've a chance. The parsoness has her eye on Drummond—jealously—"that's as plain as a pikestaff. But I don't think she cares for Drummond"—reassuringly. "She certainly preferred my conversation to his yesterday. I'm not a conceited fellow," went on honest Georgie, "but she scarcely listened to Drummond's hunting adventure, and she was quite interested in my history of old Mervyn and that fellow of his. By the way, the mail ought to be in. I wonder what Mervyn is doing? There will be full particulars of that affair this time. I'll just go round and see if there is any news. Mervyn may have written himself."

On his way to the post-office Mr. Armstrong saw a sight which quickened his pulses and his footsteps at the same moment. A very unpretending little basket-carriage, drawn by a short sturdy cob, which was driven by one of the two ladies occupying the low-seated vehicle, was passing slowly down the High Street of the country town. The usual shopping-basket, already half-filled with small heterogeneous parcels, denoted the business which had brought the ladies from Hawarden. Georgie, coming up behind the carriage just as it halted in front of the principal draper's shop, congratulated himself that he was in luck.

"Now this is the last place, excepting the post office," Mrs. Wilmer was saying, as she stepped out briskly. "Take the reins, Estelle; I shall not be more than ten minutes."

Ten minutes! *Dieu-dieu* with the "saint of his deepest devotion!" Georgie was scarcely conscious of the coldness of Clara's greeting; he was so entirely occupied with this blissful prospect. Mrs. Wilmer turned on the threshold of Hunt & Colman's, hesitated imperceptibly, was recalled by the expectant attitude of one of Hunt & Colman's young men, who was holding open the door, and finally committed herself to the flannelly odors of the interior of the shop, determining that her ten minutes should be as much curtailed as possible, and that Lillian's Winter frocks and Tim's new knickerbockers should wait for another opportunity.

Ten minutes! Why, it could scarcely have been five, poor defrauded Georgie thought, when Mrs. Wilmer reappeared, preceded by a shopman bearing a brown paper parcel.

"Now the post office!"

Clara's tone was as severe as if she had said, "Now the block and the executioner!"

"Allow me," said Georgie, handing her in. "I am on my way to the post-office, too. Can I inquire for your letters?"

"No, thank you," answered Clara, shortly; "I must go in. I have a post-office order to get."

The next moment she saw her error, and could have bitten her own tongue with vexation. If she left the carriage to get the order, she gave Mr. Armstrong another opportunity; if she employed Estelle on the errand, they would still be together. It was like the story of the fox and the goose and the corn. Clara, having a keen sense of humor, could have laughed at her own dilemma, but that she was so savage. She whipped up the pony, bowed stiffly to the young officer, and the vehicle went clattering down the street, leaving him behind.

But Georgie knew of short cuts impracticable to the pony carriage, and he was sufficiently awake to the vicereine's motives to enjoy circumventing her. He was at the door of the post office, ready to hand her out, and with his own letters in his hand, when Clara drew up, grim and cross at the sight of him.

"Is the creature ubiquitous," exclaimed she, petulantly, to herself, as she threw the reins to Estelle, "or is he only aggravating?"

He was so imperturbably polite and attentive, in spite of her snubbing, that she thawed a little at last, and permitted him to spread the fur rug over her knees—it was astonishing how much arrangement it required on Estelle's side!—and only froze up again when he bade them both good-by, with an allusion to impending luncheon at Beechwood Manor, when he supposed they should meet again.

The meeting had so far upset his equilibrium that he forgot his mail letters, still unread, in his pocket. Coming back from one of the long solitary country rambles he had affected of late, just in time for mess, he was surprised at the general tone of excitement pervading the assembled officers.

"What do you think of the news, Drummond?" exclaimed Colonel Martin. "Most extraordinary, by George!"

"What is it?" demanded Georgie, trying to look as cool and unconcerned as possible. At that moment he could think of no other news than the possible announcement of Miss Verney's engagement to Sir Wilfrid Drummond. That was the anticipation which had enlivened his walk just now.

"Do you mean to say you haven't heard?" exclaimed the colonel. "Why, we expected you to be in possession of full particulars from private information. Hasn't Mervyn written?"

"Mervyn?" repeated Georgie, looking puzzled. "Have they given him the V. C.?"

"My dear fellow, you are a long way behind! You haven't heard that the old General's murderer has turned up?"

"No!" cried Georgie, jumping up, excitedly. "Who is it?"

"His own servant—Vaughan—the fellow who gave evidence at the inquest, whom Mervyn brought out of the skirmish the other day. He has confessed it on his death-bed."

"You don't mean to say so! Hurrah!" shouted Georgie. "Excuse me a minute. I had letters to-day; I haven't read them yet. I'll fetch them now."

"Yes, it's all true," he announced, coming back presently. "Here is a letter from Mathers, the chaplain, with a copy of Vaughan's statement. Mathers took it down from his

own lips. Colonel Anstruther of the —th and two doctors sign as witnesses. It must be true. Poor Mervyn is down with fever. He was wounded in that affair and Vaughan's confession was too much for him. I have heard him say the fellow was worth his weight in gold—wouldn't part with him for the world. Only in his last letter he was speaking of him and congratulating himself on having taken him out with him."

"What could have been the man's motive?" wondered the colonel.

"Here it is," said Georgie, glancing at the letter in his hand—"sudden impulse—the old General was in a deuce of a temper. He had bullied and goaded the fellow until he was almost mad. Irish blood—capable of devoted attachment—the kind of expiation he had set himself, to serve Mervyn. A remarkable history!"

"Yes," after a pause, assented the colonel, a just and merciful man as well as a brave and honorable soldier. "Death and such a death was the best and most fitting sequel to the story."

"I must telegraph to my father," Armstrong said. "It will astonish him. 'Pon my soul, I can scarcely believe it now! Vaughan! I remember the man's manner before the coroner. It was as natural and as innocent as possible."

"I remember," remarked another officer, "being particularly impressed by the sort of candid honesty about the fellow: he was even indulgent to his master's beastly temper. Struck me as being attached to the family, and all that. Curious!"

"Mervyn's luck has all come in a lump," said Armstrong, as he rose from table. "They'll give him his company, certainly—if not another step. Poor old boy! I hope he isn't very bad. He had scarcely got over that other illness when he went out; and it may go hard with him."

Then Georgie took his way to the telegraph-office; and as he went he remembered some thing in Feena's late letter which had faded out before the pressure of other interests.

"Christie!" he exclaimed, with a little amused twinkle in his eyes. "She will come on the scene at the right moment. It is like a three-volume novel. Everything fits in right—for them," concluded Georgie, with a big sigh and an envious emphasis on the pronoun.

"I'll ride over to the rectory to-morrow afternoon," he decided, presently, recovering his spirits, "and tell her the sequel of the story. By Jove, it's more than fiction, as the papers say. And she is awfully interested in it all, and will like to hear the *dénouement*. It has come sooner than any of us could have looked for."

(To be continued.)

CURLING MATCH IN CENTRAL PARK.

WE give on page 388 an illustration of the annual match between the curling clubs of New York City and vicinity, representing the "North" and "South" of Scotland men, played on Conservatory Lake, Central Park, on the 5th ultimo. The scene was as once lively and picturesque, and was keenly enjoyed by the spectators. The method of the game was as follows: Twelve "rinks" were cut in the ice, the bull's-eye or "tee" being surrounded in each case by three outer rings and the usual "hog's score," which was the mark of unskillful play and served as the line inside of which it was essential to propel a stone in order to make it count. Eight players were assigned to each "rink," and were divided into rival sides, four representing the North and four the South. Each side played under the direction of the "skips" or leaders, the object being to see who could get the curling-stones nearest the "tee" and "guard" any throw from being excelled by a rival player. The round, smooth stones were cast a distance of forty-two yards, and as they whirled swiftly and rumbling towards the "tee" the sweepers would rush after them and sweep the ice vigorously to remove any obstructions in the path that might impede the progress of the loaf-like granite. Great skill was often shown in "guarding" the stones, and there was also noted at intervals many "draws" and "drives" that were particularly well executed. There were ninety-six players in all, and each player was allowed to throw a limited number of curling-stones. After the play of some four hours the score was counted up, and it was announced, amid cheers, that the "Men of the North" had carried off all the honors, and won the match by just nine points. Captain D. Foulis got the Dairymple solid silver medal for the winning team, while the Highland silk banner for the "skip" getting the highest individual "rink" score over a rival "skip," was awarded to George Addison, who beat "skip" A. Maxwell by nineteen points. The Kirkpatrick silver medal for the "skip" winning second best score under the same conditions was awarded to George Frazier, whose score was twenty-seven to ten, made by rival "skip" R. McCormack. The total score of the North was 247, and of the South 238. This was the tenth annual contest for the medal, the southern men having won it seven times and the northern men twice.

THE JUMEL MANSION AND GROUNDS.

STANDING on a rocky bluff that overlooks the Harlem River, and possessing a pretty glimpse of Long Island Sound, is a neat and trim building with nothing but some quaint features of architecture to indicate its age. It was erected in 1738, and some of the battles of the Revolution were fought almost within a stone's throw of its ample doors. It is reached by a straggling, uneven road, resembling a country lane, and its surroundings are so retired, and wear so much the air of a quiet village, that one could scarcely credit the close vicinity of the greatest city on the western hemisphere. The entrance to the grounds is in keeping with the building and its surroundings. It consists of a high wooden fence, semi-circular in form, with large gates swinging in the middle from huge posts, and flanked on both sides with squat, wooden porter lodges. From the gate a carriage-way leads up an avenue of flourishing trees, and, defecting to the right, terminates at the Grecian porch, which forms the front of the house. At a close view, the house is seen to be a two-story frame structure, with weather-boards placed edge to edge, instead of lapping over one another, with substantial brick chimneys and green shutters.

Such is, in brief, a description of the grounds belonging to the Jumel estate at Washington Heights, and of the exterior of the historical mansion, a building in which Washington and Lafayette, Joseph and Louis Bonaparte, have stopped, and which Aaron Burr called his home during the period of his brief career as husband of the famous woman.

The mansion was built by Roger Morris, and is

soon to be torn down, and its ample grounds will be leveled and laid out into suburban building lots. The estate originally consisted of about 150 acres, and a large portion was kept in a high state of cultivation by M. Jumel, who found the place, when he purchased it, in great disorder. Within the outlying are many relics of the time of the Revolution. Mme. Jumel was born in Rhode Island, and was a most remarkable woman. When traveling abroad she was received at the Courts of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. In 1833 she was married to Colonel Aaron Burr, but his extravagance soon compelled her to turn him adrift, he having spent \$60,000 of her money in less than six weeks. She died in 1866, and for several years the property was in dispute, both Nelson Chase and George Washington Bowen, the latter of whom claimed to be her legitimate son, struggling for it in the courts. This was the last celebrated case in which Charles O'Connor was employed, and the estate was awarded to Mr. Chase.

PRINCESS HELENA OF WALDECK-PYRMONT.

THE betrothal of the Duke of Albany, who is better known under the name of Prince Leopold, took the English world somewhat by surprise. Not a whisper of the coming event had reached the gossip of society. Princess Helena is the fourth daughter of the reigning Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and was born in 1861. Two of her elder sisters are already married—one to the King of Holland, and the other to Prince William of Wurtemberg, the presumptive heir to the throne of the Souban kingdom. Little is known of Princess Helena beyond the meagre statements of the "Almanach de Gotha." Her father's residence, Arolsen, situated on the eastern borders of the Prussian province Westphalia, is but a small town of about three thousand inhabitants, and derives its principal interest from being the birthplace of Rauch, the celebrated sculptor, and of Kaubach, the famous painter. The nearest railway station is fifteen miles distant; but strangers are sometimes attracted to Arolsen by the splendid collections of antiquities from Herculaneum and Pompeii, which, with an excellent library, form the principal contents of the princely residence. Pyrmont, the more interesting part of the principality, is likewise included by Prussian territory, but not contiguous to Waldeck, and is one of the oldest watering-places in Europe. The principalities of Waldeck and Pyrmont are, since 1866, under Prussian administration, but Prince George, the father of Princess Helena, still ranks as a sovereign prince of the German Empire, having his own parliament of fifteen members, and supplying the German army with a contingent of five hundred soldiers.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Professor J. W. Mallett has been elected President of the American Chemical Society.

Mr. Edison has entered the field of competitors in the construction of storage batteries for electric currents. It is a particular method of storing currents has, however, not yet been made public.

A Battery of new construction for the storage of electricity has been invented by Mr. Henry Sutton, of Ballarat, Australia. It is said to be more efficient than any yet produced for the same purpose.

A Series of Experiments are in progress at Portsmouth, England, in order to determine the selection of the best dynamo electric machine for the working of "search" lights on board of war-vessels.

M. Deherain, Professor of the Museum of Natural History in Paris, has availed himself of the advantages for experiment offered by the late electric exhibition at Paris to make a series of investigations on the action of the electric light on horticulture and agriculture.

The Lord President of the Privy Council has appointed Professor Archibald Geikie, F.R.S., to be Director-General of the Geological Surveys of the United Kingdom, and Director of the Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn Street, in succession to Sir Andrew C. Ramsay, F.R.S., who has retired from the public service.

Admiral Mouchez is continuing with vigor the completion of his astronomical museum in Paris. Eight oil paintings have been placed in the foreign astronomers' room, representing respectively Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Galileo, Kepler, Huyghens, Newton, Bradley and J. Herschel. A large number of engravings and photographs, representing either celebrated astronomers, large instruments, or foreign observatories, have been collected in the same room. He is also making arrangements for taking meteorological observations at an elevation of 2,300 metres by means of a captive balloon. The balloon will be charged with ordinary coal gas. These observations are intended to facilitate the calculation of atmospheric refractions.

It is said that fireproof houses can be built of cotton and straw. In preparing these materials, raw cotton of inferior quality and the scattered refuse of plantations and sweepings of factories are mixed and converted into a paste, which becomes as hard as stone, and then is called architectural cotton. It may be made in large slabs, whereby the building of a house would be rapid in comparison with the practice of laying brick after brick, and at one third the cost. For the other part wheat straw is treated in a way already known and converted into pasteboard. The sheets thus prepared are soaked in a solution which hardens the fibres, and they are then compressed under enormous power into beams and boards of any required size. The effect of the soaking is said to render them difficult of combustion.

Finely-powdered Wood-dust has, to a great extent, the same inflammable quality that flour-dust has in mills, and a number of fires in wood-working shops have been traced to the ignition of such dust on the roofs or roof timbers and walls. There is an especial accumulation of such dust on roofs near the room where the shavings are drawn from the wood-working machines and used in firing. The blast used carries a large quantity of fine dust through the ventilating shaft, and scatters it over the surrounding buildings, where it is liable to take fire from the slightest spark. The Pennsylvania Road, in their Altoona shops, have obviated this by routing the top of their shavings-room by a series of porous canvas bags, which, while allowing the air from the blast to pass away gradually, prevent the wood-dust from following. This system is said to have given the best results.

The Russian Expedition to the mouth of the Lena, organized by the Imperial Society of Geography, which left St. Petersburg on the 29th of December, will pass a year on the coasts of the frozen ocean. In sending this expedition the society fulfills the obligation contracted towards the International Polar Commission. The following States take part in the enterprise projected by the commission: Austria, one station at Jan Mayen Island; England, one station at Fort Simpson; Germany, two stations, one on the Gulf of Georgia, the other at a place not yet decided upon, in the region of the North Pole; Denmark, one station on the western coast of Greenland; Norway, one station at Altenfjord, in the province of Finnmark; Russia, one station at the mouth of the Lena; United States, two stations, one at Point Barrow, on the east of Behring Strait, the other at Lady Franklin Bay, Greenland; the latter is already in operation; France, one station at Spitzbergen.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL HANCOCK has resigned the Presidency of the National Rifle Association.

MR. WILLIAM M. EVARTS has been elected President of the Union League Club of New York.

HON. CHARLES FOSTER was, on January 9th, at Columbus, inaugurated for a second term as Governor of Ohio.

BISHOP DOANE, of the Albany Diocese, discourages the use of the revised version of the New Testament.

A COMPLIMENTARY dinner was given to Attorney General Brewster by the Philadelphia Bar on the 12th instant.

THE friends of Mr. Parnell are said to be endeavoring to secure his release from imprisonment before the opening of Parliament.

GOVERNOR FARNHAM has commissioned the Hon. John W. Rowell, of Randolph, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Vermont.

MR. W. W. CORCORAN, of Washington, has given a valuable piece of ground 95 by 152 feet, situated in the heart of the city, to the Columbia College of the District of Columbia.

MR. JOHN H. LICK, who accepted \$535,000 as a compromise from the estate of his father, the late James Lick, of San Francisco, and was paid in installments, is now suing the trustees for \$60,348 as interest.

SIR JOHN HOLKER, who was Attorney-General in the Beaconsfield Administration and is at present a Member of Parliament for Preston, has been appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal, to succeed the late Sir Robert Lush.

GENERAL JOSEPH DICKINSON has been unanimously elected President of the Western Branch of the Society of the Army of the Potomac at a meeting held in Cincinnati, and Lieutenant F. W. Brown was chosen Corresponding Secretary.

THE Albany County Medical Society, Dr. Jacob S. Mosher, President, gave a banquet at the Delavan House to Drs. Thomas Hun, Charles Deval and J. B. Ransom in honor of their fiftieth anniversary as medical practitioners, on January 11th.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, of Canada, completed his sixty-eighth year on January 11th. He is again somewhat ill, there being a recurrence of some symptoms of the same illness which caused his trip to England for medical treatment last Spring.

THE President has appointed Messrs. Walter D. Davidge, Joseph M. Toner, M.D., and James C. Welling, LL.D., Visitors to the Government Hospital for the Insane. The two last are reappointments.

MAJOR-GENERAL HANCOCK was invested as Commander of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion on January 11th, at Philadelphia. The ceremony took place at the Colonnade Hotel, in the presence of a large number of members from different parts of the country.

GENERAL STANNUS, a British officer of the experience of years and fourteen decorations, has just resigned because juniors were put over him, and when asked why, the War Department told him it was because he had once appeared in a white linen coat at review.

MRS. LUCY HOOVER recently gave a dinner party in honor of Minister Morton and his wife in Paris, and each menu was ornamented with a motto appropriate to the character of the guest before whom it was placed, and taken from an English or French poet or essayist.

THE St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Academy has received from Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks an additional gift of \$40,000 as a permanent fund. To this a gift of \$50,000 is added from the estate of Governor Erastus Fairbanks, making, with \$5,000 otherwise secured, an endowment fund of \$100,000.

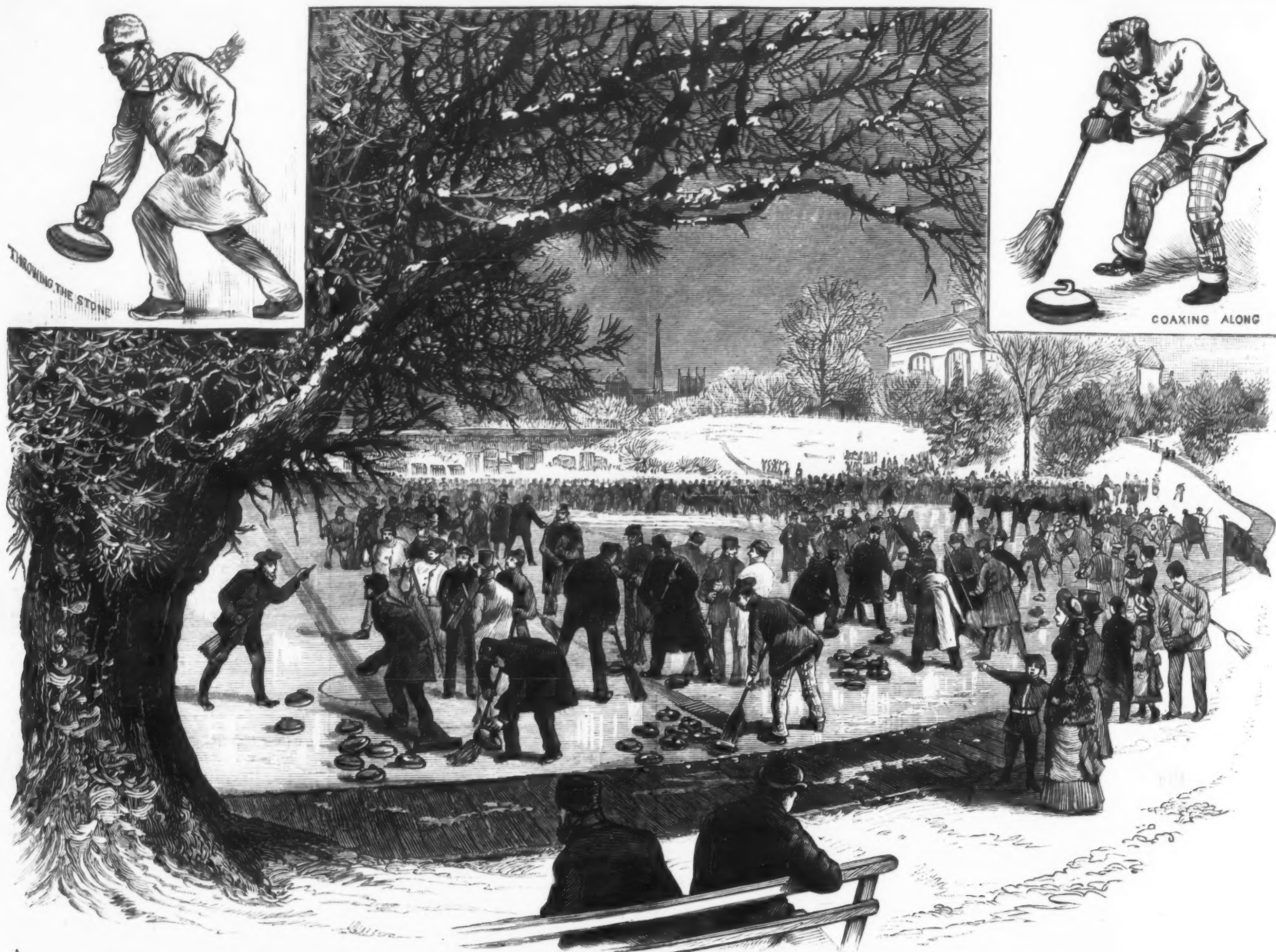
THE President of the French Republic has recently conferred on Professor H. A. Rowland, of the Johns Hopkins University, the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his services as a member of the International Congress of Electricians held in Paris in September last.

THE fifty-first anniversary of the death of the illustrious Simon Bolivar, who is justly recognized as the father of more than one of the republics of Spanish America, was recently celebrated at Panama. It was recognized as a day of public sorrow, and the flags on the public buildings, and at the various foreign consulates, were displayed at half-mast.

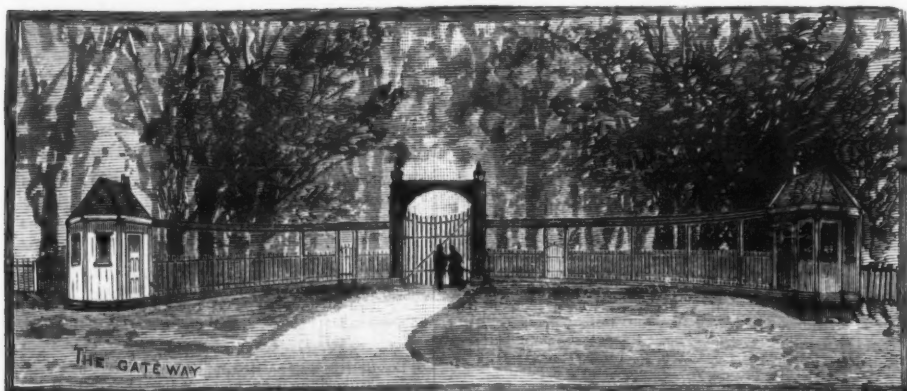
MR. KRISMANN, the retiring Consul General of the United States at Berlin, was entertained at a victory banquet on the evening of December 14th in the Kaiserhof by more than one hundred gentlemen of distinction in official, literary and commercial circles, and the heads of the Anglo-American colony. The dining-hall was profusely hung with the Stars and Stripes, and patriotic and complimentary speeches were made.

OFFICIAL intelligence has been received by Cardinal McCloskey that the Right Rev. Mgr. William Quinn, D.D., Vicar General and pastor of the new St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas S. Preston, D.D., Vicar General and Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York, and pastor of St. Ann's Church in East Twelfth Street, have been promoted by the Pope to the dignity of "Domestic Prelates of the Papal Household."

OBITUARY.—January 7th.—At Rome, Italy, of pneumonia, Hon. Richard H. Dana, of Boston, the well-known lawyer, traveler and author, aged 66; Hon. Edwin W. Stoughton, a prominent lawyer of New York, and formerly Minister to Russia, aged 63; Hon. John Pierpont, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Vermont. January 8th.—General Henry Jules Bataille, a distinguished soldier of France, and recipient of many decorations and state honors, aged 65; General Valmaseda, Governor of Madrid, Spain, and formerly Captain-General of Cuba. January 9th.—At his residence, New York City, of heart disease, Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith, pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension for twenty-two years, aged 55; The Rev. John Pinkham, of Casco, one of the oldest clergymen in Maine, and a pioneer in the Free Baptist denomination; at Boston, of smallpox, Samuel W. Piercy, the well-known actor, supporting Edwin Booth, aged 32; William Seymour, Jr., for nearly half a century a prominent Wall Street operator, aged 63; at Fairfield, Conn., Samuel S. Rogers, one of New York's oldest and most honored merchants, aged 84; M. Chéret, a noted acrobat of the Grand Opera House in Paris and other theatres; January 11th.—Delano A. Goldard, formerly editor of the Worcester Spy, and for the last fourteen years editor of the Boston Advertiser, aged 50; Giovanni Dufro, the veteran Siennese sculptor, aged 64. January 12th.—At Richmond, Va., Dr. Orlando Fairfax, a well-known physician, and a member of Lord Fairfax's family, aged 76; at Boston, Mrs. Laura Kendrick, for many years prominent among Liberals and Radical Reformers, aged 49; at South Charleston, Ohio, David Selsor, a noted stock-raiser, and the largest landholder in Central Ohio, aged 76. January 13th.—Suddenly, in a railroad accident, Hon. Webster Wagner, a member of the New York State Senate, and inventor of the Wagner parlor and drawing-room coaches, aged 64. January 14th.—Mrs. Caroline Richings-Bernard, the once favorite prima donna, at Richmond, Va., of smallpox.



NEW YORK CITY.—GREAT ANNUAL CURLING MATCH BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH OF SCOTLAND MEN, AT CENTRAL PARK, JANUARY 5TH.—SEE PAGE 387.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE LAST OF AN HISTORICAL PLACE—THE MANSION, BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS OF THE OLD JUMEL ESTATE, AT WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.—SEE PAGE 387.



COUNT GUSTAV SIGISMUND KALNOKY, NEW PREMIER OF AUSTRIA.

COUNT KALNOKY, NEW PREMIER OF AUSTRIA.

COUNT GUSTAV SIGISMUND KALNOKY, the new Premier of Austria, in succession to the late Baron Haymerle, was born on the 29th of December, 1832. He was a younger son of Count Gustav Kalnoky, of Koros-Patak, who, besides his family estates in Moravia, owned large domains in Hungary and Transylvania—a fact which helped to make the appointment of his son to the Foreign Office especially popular on both sides of the Leitha. Like other young nobles, he entered the army at an early age. His first commission was dated 1849, but he quitted the army when twenty-two for a diplomatic profession. In 1854, when Count (then Captain) Ignatieff was preparing for his first experience of actual war, Count Kalnoky was serving his time in the lowest grades of the diplomatic service, as Austrian attaché at Munich. Two years later, when the Crimean war was ending, he was sent to Berlin, and three years later, in 1859, he joined the staff of the Austrian Embassy as Secretary of Legation at the Court of St. James. In 1867 he attained the grade of Councillor of Legation, and *Charge d'Affaires*, and in 1871 was given his first important appointment—the temporary position of Envoy at Rome—at a very critical period in the diplomatic history of Europe. In 1874 he became Ambassador to Denmark, and in February, 1880, was made Ambassador to Russia. Count Kalnoky has thus had abundant opportunity to acquire an ample knowledge of the diplomatic traditions and international relations of the great Powers of Europe. His rise has been very rapid, for he had scarcely been heard of outside of diplomatic circles until about two months before he was made Chancellor of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

HON. THOMAS B. REED.

HON. THOMAS B. REED, Chairman of the House Committee on the Judiciary, is a native of Portland, Me., where he was born October 18th, 1839. In 1860 he graduated from Bowdoin College, and immediately entered upon the study of law. From April 19th, 1864, to November 5th, 1865, he was an Acting Assistant Paymaster in the Navy, and upon his return from service he was admitted to the Bar in his native city. His political career opened in 1868, when he was elected a member of the State House of Representatives, whence, after serving one term, he was promoted to the State Senate. He was Attorney-General of the State during 1870, 1871 and 1872, and was successively elected to the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Congresses. In the Forty-sixth Congress he was a member of the Committee on the Judiciary,



HON. THOMAS B. REED.—FROM A PHOTO. BY BELL.

under the chairmanship of J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, and therefore his present appointment places him in a field in which he has already gained ripe experience.

Mr. Reed is a man of high ability and a speaker of great force. His nature is aggressive, and as a party leader he has qualities of a high order. He was prominently named for the Speakership, and would have filled that position with undoubted credit had the gavel fallen to his hand. He will rank among the half-dozen really conspicuous Republicans of the present House.

THE "JERSEY LILY" ON THE STAGE.

NOW that Mrs. Langtry's debut on the stage was characterized by all the elements of success, Society in England has taken renewed interest in the career of the famous "Jersey Lily." It was no less a person than the Prince of Wales who first took notice of the personal attractions of Mrs. Langtry, and led her to the front of social beauties. Long as she has reigned in London, the curiosity to see her and the delight of possessing her acquaintance have never subsided. The windows of stationers and photographers are still displaying portraits in every conceivable costume and attitude.

Mrs. Langtry with a quill thrust through her hat; Mrs. Langtry, in her hands a dove, which she is tenderly regarding—not, it is to be supposed, as a reminiscence of Hurlingham; Mrs. Langtry in morning costume and again in evening dress; Mrs. Langtry with a Japanese umbrella over her right shoulder—and another, yet still the same, Mrs. Langtry with a Japanese umbrella over her left shoulder; Mrs. Langtry in profile; Mrs. Langtry's full face, or three-quarters should you prefer that, and either colored or plain; Mrs. Langtry in a conservatory framed in tropical plants; or Mrs. Langtry on the seashore listening to the plaintive murmur of the waves. Among these and a dozen more an admirer may be puzzled to choose. Mrs. Langtry is far from being the only beauty whose fame has been extended by such means. All her rivals are to be seen in black and white, and many



PRINCESS HELENA OF WALDECK-PYRMONT, BETROTHED TO THE DUKE OF ALBANY.—SEE PAGE 387.

who are not her rivals. Mrs. Cornwallis West, Mrs. Hungerford, Mrs. Wheeler, Lady Jersey, Lady Dudley, Lady Lonsdale, are all there. In one London shop window there were twenty-nine portraits of different ladies, all of them belonging to Society, all ladies of fashion or rank, or both. Of Mrs. Langtry alone there were thirteen different photographs in this same window.

Mrs. Langtry's complexion has stood the wear and tear of London life and the late hours and overheated rooms, and the peach-bloom on her cheeks does not fade, nor will it rub off. She once offered her handkerchief to a gentleman who was skeptical on this point, and asked him to try. The modeling of the temples is singularly fine, the arch of the brow delicate; the eyes are sapphire-blue,

set in an orb of tender curve; the hair, which is soft brown, is worn low enough over the forehead to mark the contrast of color with the eyes; and when this lady is amused her laughter gives to her countenance an animation that is sometimes wanting. The face has faults which it is easy to criticize, but the beauty of it as a whole is beyond denial.

A few months ago English society was considerably startled by the announcement of some pecuniary trouble in the Langtry household, which might lead to the permanent withdrawal of the beauty from the drawing-rooms of the rich and cultured. Almost immediately afterwards Society sustained another shock when it learned, beyond possibility of a doubt, that Mrs. Langtry was reading for the theatrical stage. Her success as a Society favorite had been phenomenal, but Society had only seen her as a moving tableau of feminine beauty in the drawing-room and grand salon. She had never been credited with dramatic genius, or even dramatic taste, and leaders of fashion shook their heads over the intelligence of her new venture. When, however, she stepped upon the stage of the Haymarket on the afternoon of December 15th last,



HON. WEBSTER WAGNER, KILLED IN THE RAILROAD DISASTER AT SPUYTEN DUYVIL, JANUARY 13TH.—SEE PAGE 382.



MRS. LANGTRY AS "MISS HARDCASTLE," IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

as Miss Haddock in "She Stoops to Conquer," to contribute by her *debut* to the Royal and General Theatrical Fund. Society noted that the Prince and Princess of Wales with their suite—the Prince as looking more like seventeen than thirty-seven—occupied the royal box. The Countess of Londale sat, radiant, in the centre stall of the front row. Lord Londale had the box over the Prince's, and Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild the one opposite—another Rothschild, Baron Nathaniel, of Vienna, contenting himself with a stall below. The Earl of Fife and Colonel Farquharson, Sir Algernon Borthwick and Colonel Finch, and scores of social celebrities, were to be seen in stalls or dress circle, or even in the gallery above, for this was an occasion when people took such seats as they could get. Pretty and fashionable women every where—some whose names are in everybody's mouth and in every society journal; some of equal pretensions, happily less known to fame of that sort; one at least whose loveliness is the ornament of the most brilliant society, and of whom the general public has scarcely heard the name. The worlds of arts and letters and journalism sent some of their most distinguished representatives.

The success which the first scene foretold lasted to the end, when a general call sent up the curtain again, and Mrs. Langtry came forward to be pelted with costly bouquets. This experiment was to determine whether the stage is to be her vocation. It was really settled in rehearsal, when Mr. Bancroft became so satisfied of her capacity as to offer her an engagement beginning in January, which she accepted.

A Singular People.

DR. HUNTER describes a peculiar tribe in India which has preserved an extreme primitiveness. The people are called Leaf Wearers, because they wear the costume of Adam and Eve before the fall; or, more strictly speaking, they did so until the English persuaded them to adopt cloth. In 1871 the English officer called together the clan, and after a speech handed out strips of cotton for the women to put on. They then passed in single file to the number of one thousand nine hundred before him, made obeisance to him, and were afterwards marked on the forehead with vermilion as a sign of their entering into civilized society. Finally they gathered the bunches of leaves which had formed their sole clothing into a great heap, and solemnly set fire to it. This leaf-wearing tribe had no knowledge of the metals until quite lately, when foreigners came among them, and no word existed, in their native language, for iron or any other metal. But their country abounds in flint weapons, so that the Juangs form to our own day a remnant of the stone age. "Their huts," writes the officer who knows them best, "are among the smallest that human beings ever deliberately constructed as dwellings. They measure about six feet by eight feet. The head of the family and all the females huddle together in this one shell, not much larger than a dog-kennel." The boys and the young men of the village live in one large building apart by themselves; and this custom of having a common abode for the whole male youth of the hamlet is found among many aboriginal tribes in distant parts of India.

Fighting Witches in Russia.

TO TORTURE a reputed witch is, seemingly, a pursuit almost as congenial to the agricultural Borsulan as is the prosecution of Jews to the Pomeranian operative. The latest achievement in the former line is reported, from Stangenwalde, in the columns of the Danziger Zeitung. A potato-hawker, returning from the Dantzig market to her village, with a lame horse, was driving past the cottage of an aged female, believed throughout the country to be in league with the powers of darkness, when the tired animal came to a dead halt, and declined to proceed any further. This not unnatural result of lameness and fatigue was forthwith ascribed to a spell cast upon the horse by the venerable dame inhabiting the cottage, and at a late hour of the same evening the indignant potato-hawker's husband and mother-in-law proceeded to haul the sorceress out of her bed and to inflict the most barbarous torments upon her, with a view toward compelling her to exorcise the demon of which she had obviously caused the horse to be possessed. They hacked her fingers with knives, kicked her, trod upon her face, and beat her unmercifully. Her screams aroused the neighborhood, and between forty and fifty peasants were soon assembled in the poor old woman's dwelling, where they gave all imaginable encouragement to her brutal tormentors. One burly bumpkin volunteered to fetch a razor wherewith to sever the arteries of her wrists. Another produced a rope, and was adjusting a clumsily-tied noose around her neck, with the avowed intention to hang her, when she was rescued from his clutches by the district physician from Carthaus, who happened to be visiting a patient in Stangenwalde, and who was attracted to the scene of the outrage by the shrieks of the victim.

FUN.

If the good old die young, heaven must be full of good servant-girls. There are none on earth.

"ANOTHER lie nalled," as the wag remarked when the merchant tacked up a sign, "At cost."

ABRAHAM also was a base ball player, for the scriptures say that "he pitched in the wilderness."

"ARE you feeling very ill?" asked the physician; "let me see your tongue, please." "It's no use, doctor," replied the patient; "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

GETTING HIS ANSWER.—Young Tompkins (thinking to take a rise out of Pat): "Why, you've got that paper upside down, Paddy." Pat: "Bedad! any fule cud rade it the other way oop." (Calmly going on with his reading.)

STORIES first heard at a mother's knee are never forgotten. It is the same with some other things received at a mother's knee, which will readily occur to our readers.

THE rule now is for every lady to have her age indicated on her hat brim. Every inch of width represents three years. A ten-inch brim means that the lady is thirty years old; a twenty-inch brim shows that she is sixty, and so on.

MINISTER (to Rory): "Why weren't you at the kirk on Sunday?" Rory: "I wis at Mr. Dunlop's kirk." Minister: "I don't like your running about the strange kirks in that way. Not that I object tae yer hearing Mr. Dunlop; but I'm sure ye widna like yer ain sheep straying away into strange pastures." Rory: "I widna care a groat, sir, if it was better grass."

BROWN was abusing Smith violently on the sidewalk one night. Jones, who heard it from an upper window, yelled to Smith: "Knock him down!" The next day Jones and Smith met. "Why didn't you knock that man down?" asked Smith. "I hollowed to you to do it." "Yes," said Smith, "and I would have hollered the same thing if I had been up there."

IN this moist and variable climate Colds are the rule rather than the exception. DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP is just the remedy for every one to take when suffering from a Cough, Cold, or any Throat trouble.

MONEY SAVED.

A GENTLEMAN in Louisiana, who sent for COMPOUND OXYGEN for his daughter, writes: "She is in better health now than ever before. I consider her completely restored." He then adds: "I purpose keeping constantly on hand your Compound. I have saved in actual cash not less than fifty or one hundred dollars since I commenced its use last August. No purchase of medicine, no call of physician. I consider its use a matter of economy." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its Nature, Action and Results, sent free. DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ACME OF POLITENESS.—De politest man I ever seed was at a railroad depot. A fellow with a lot of trunks on a long thing wheelin' aroun' as though he were 'ryin' ter run ober everybody. Finally a man stepped up an' sez: "I see yer has 'siderable trouble runnin' agin people. To oblige yer, I'll stan' in front of yer machine."

BABIES OF MAUMEE.

POTATOES they grow small, And they ate them tops and all In Maumee; The babies kicked and squalled, And mothers spanked them all In Maumee; CASTORIA's cured them all, No babies now that bawl In Maumee.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN CONVALESCENCE.

I HAVE prescribed HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE in the convalescing stage of typho-malarial fever, and, whenever an acid is indicated, nothing has been found equal to it. J. H. WILSON, M.D. Plymouth, Md.

A YOUNGSTER'S TEETH

DEMAND greater attention than they usually receive. Mothers, carful of their children's physical well-being, wisely adopt SOZODONT as an article of the family toilet. If the first set of a juvenile's teeth are daily polished with this matchless purifier, the second set are almost invariably white and strong, and prove a lifelong blessing, otherwise they frequently turn out carious and irregular. Young and old alike benefit by its use.

MARIE ROZE.

MESSRS. WM. B. RIKER & SON: EVERETT HOUSE. Gentlemen.—After using your AMERICAN FACE POWDER for nearly six months I have much pleasure in stating that, as a toilet article, it is unsurpassed. MARIE ROZE.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

FLIES AND MOSQUITOES.

A 15c BOX OF "ROUGH ON RATS" will keep a house free from flies, mosquitoes, rats and mice, the entire season. Druggists.

TO PROMOTE a vigorous growth of the hair, use PARKER'S HAIR BALM. It restores the youthful color to gray hair, removes dandruff, and cures itching of the scalp.

HIGHEST encomiums are passed on HUB PUNCH.

I. L. ELLWOOD & Co., of De Kalb, Ill., whose advertisement appears in another column of this paper, are now manufacturing five car-loads, or three hundred miles, daily, of the GLIDDEN STEEL BARB FENCE WIRE. This particular style of wire commands, at the present time, over half the entire production of forty different manufacturers, and over 150,000 miles of fencing have been erected from it in all parts of the South and West.

NOTHING ever can give such entire satisfaction for toilet use as PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE and PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE SOAP.

"How do you manage," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy all the time?" "I always have PARKER'S GINGER TONIC handy," was the reply, "and thus keep myself and family in good health. When I am well I always feel good-natured."

HALFORD SAUCE, the best and cheapest relish sold only in bottle, unrivaled by any for family use.

"Use Redding's Russia Salve."

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (1/4 lb. and 1 lb.) labeled.

JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, London, England.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING STOCKS

BOUGHT AND SOLD. INFORMATION FURNISHED. GEORGE H. WHIPPLE, 56 Wall Street, New York.

HOUSEHOLD Sewing-Machine.
MANUFACTURED BY
PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY.
Providence, R. I.

EASY RUNNING. Simple in Construction. Perfect in Workmanship.

General Offices:
105 Chambers St. and 3rd East Fourteenth St., New York.
HENRY B. NEWHALL, Agt.
163 and 165 Lake St., Chicago. S. H. & E. Y. MOORE, Agents.
140 Tremont St., Boston. WARREN & WING, Agents.
Send for Descriptive Circulars.

ITCHING PILLS.—Moisture, intense itching; most at night; sure cure. Swayne's Ointment. At Druggists.

PILES

hop bitters THE PUREST AND BEST Medicine ever made. THEY ARE COMPOUNDED FROM Hops Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion.

"The Oldest, Best, most Renowned, and Valuable Medicines in the World, and in addition contain all the best and most effective curative properties of all other bitters, being the greatest Liver Regulator, BLOOD PURIFIER, and Life and health restoring agent on earth."

They Give New Life and Vigor to the Aged and Infirm.

"To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary Men, Ladies, and all those who a sedentary employment causes irregularities of the Blood, Stomach, Bowels, or Kidneys, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic, and mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic, and stimulating, without intoxicating."

"No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, or what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use the Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing at a trifling cost."

Ask your Druggist or Physician.

"Do not suffer yourself or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters."

"Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the purest and best Medicine ever made, and no person or family should be without it."

CHAMPAGNE.
THIS WINE
Is acknowledged by judges to be the best *cuvée* now in existence. It is selected by the *Czar*, and is largely consumed by the nobility of Russia, who are known to be connoisseurs of champagne.

HAND-BOOK OF SPLENDID FLOWERS (free by mail. 1500 varieties. HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS, West Chester, Pa.)

Brain and Nerve Food. Vitalized Phos-Phites.
Composed of the Nerve-Giving Principles of the Ox-Brain and Wheat Germ.

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The Sun.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1882.

THE SUN for 1881 consumed four million one hundred
and ninety-four thousand three hundred and
ninety-one (4,194,391) pounds of printing paper in its
Daily, Sunday and Weekly editions.

This is equal to sixty million seven hundred and
seventy-two thousand six hundred and seventy-seven
(60,772,677) copies of the daily size.

The actual circulation of the past year was:

DAILY.....39,701,161
SUNDAY.....7,037,604
WEEKLY.....3,498,154

This gives for each day in the year the following
average:

Copies of the Daily Edition.....126,841
Copies of the Sunday Edition.....135,339
Copies of the Weekly Edition.....67,273

THE SUN has advertising space to sell. In the Daily
and Sunday editions its price for ordinary advertisements is 40 cents per agate line. Preferred positions
and displayed matter from 50 cents to \$2.50 per line.
In the Weekly 50 cents an agate line of space; no extra
charge for display. Preferred positions 75 cents to \$2
per line.

At this price advertising in the several editions of
THE SUN is cheaper than its publisher has ever been
able to obtain in any other medium, and he has spent
hundreds of thousands of dollars in making known THE
SUN, and the advantages it offers to the business community.

THE SUN is published every day in the year, at
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CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY

\$14 per Cent. Mortgage Bonds of
1911, Peninsula Extension,
\$2,000,000.

In denominations of \$1,000 each.

Dated January 1, 1881;

Payable January 1, 1911.

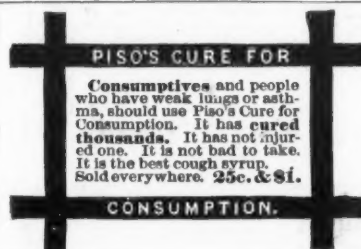
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These bonds are secured in common with the \$2,000,000
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the seaboard end of an immense system of roads and
connections, radiating from the Chesapeake and Ohio,
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Price, Par and Accrued Interest from October 1st.

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every part.

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neuralgia, and the nature of the nervous system, with
the many diseases that it is subject to, and have found
by actual experience that the true and primary cause of
neuralgia is poverty of the nervous fluid—it becomes im-
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cause the patient does not eat, but because what is eaten
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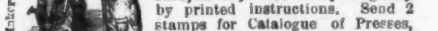
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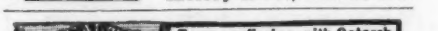
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